

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

PHILOSOPHY— Hurlbut's Essays on Human Rights	397	Journal of the British Archaeo- logical Association	410
BIOGRAPHY— Sketches of German Life	399	JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LIT.— Literary Intelligence	410
SCIENCE— Wilson on the Management of the Skin	401	JOURNAL OF FRENCH LIT.— Reybaud's Ancient Convents of Paris	411
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS— Meadow's Desultory Notes on China	402	JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PROGRESS 413	
Mrs. Butler's Year of Consola- tion	402	ART— Royal Academy	413
POETRY— Atherton's Fall of Nineveh	406	MUSIC	414
EDUCATION— Miller's Boy's Spring Book	408	DRAMA— Haymarket	415
MISCELLANEOUS— Ritchie's British World in the East	408	French Plays	415
		HEIRS-AT-LAW, NEXT OF KIN, &c.	416
		BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR— List of New Books	416
		ADVERTISEMENTS	418

"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and, in addition to this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews, to give criticism, selected and right reasoning; though, the more thoughtful ones, are, certainly, those which are not once a week, but fortnightly ones, a quarter, or even a year. Yet altogether would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the quarterlies; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—BULWER.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Essays on Human Rights and their Political Guarantees.
By E. P. HURLBUT, Counsellor-at-Law in the City of
New York. With a Preface and Notes. By GEORGE
COMBE. Edinburgh: MacLachlan and Co.

THE purpose of this treatise is to determine the foundation and objects of government, and the powers with which the Legislature should be invested to enable it to perform its functions most advantageously to the State.

It would be difficult to suggest an inquiry more important, more useful, or more interesting.

The author, Mr. E. P. HURLBUT, is a distinguished advocate in the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and was an active promoter of the convention of delegates to prepare a revised constitution for that State in 1846. These Essays, originally given to the public in the form of lectures, had considerable influence on the discussions, and led to the adoption of many amendments. It is right that this should be stated, that it may be understood that Mr. HURLBUT is not a mere library law-maker, but a practical lawyer.

The basis of his argument is found in the American Declaration of Independence in 1776, which asserted "the sacred inviolability of human life, liberty, and happiness." But this important principle, so vast in its application to the philosophy of government, has remained an assertion; no proof of it has ever been attempted. Hence it has been esteemed as little more than a fine phrase to turn a period, and glitter in a speech of no practical worth; whereas, in fact, it is the corner-stone of all statesmanship—the foundation of all political philosophy. Mr. HURLBUT's object is to supply the defect, and prove this first step in social science. To do so he appeals to human nature, as it exists everywhere. "The duty of the Legislature," he says, "is simply to conform to natural truth. Man must know himself and his true relation to his fellow-men, and to external nature. All truth becomes natural truth—all rights natural rights—and all wrongs natural wrongs. Our business is to perceive not to create. Man makes not good nor evil. He cannot confer rights, nor create wrongs. He can only sanction and forbid in consonance with the natural laws." "Nature outraged appeals from human to divine laws."

But can we know the true nature of man? Is the civilized man a natural man? Is his nature human nature? Yes, says Mr. HURLBUT, "A faculty im-

proved is still the same faculty. A sentiment enlightened does not lose its original character. A state of civilization is the true natural condition of the human race." The child and the savage are only specimens of humanity in whom the higher faculties of mind,—those which produce civilization—have not yet been fully developed.

Mr. HURLBUT starts with the assertion that we must well understand the science of mind before we can successfully deal with human rights and duties, and determine the proper province of government. The fundamental principle is this—"Wherever nature has ordained desire, she has spread before it the means of gratification. From this we infer the right to its indulgence—and hence, also, the rights of man." In his review of the science of mind, he has adopted the principles of Phrenology. But these in no way affect his argument, for that the mind possesses the faculties which he names will be admitted by everybody, even though they question whether those faculties are at all connected with the form of the brain. The existence of these mental faculties admitted, Mr. HURLBUT proceeds to build upon it the argument. "Man," he says "has a right to the gratification, indulgence, and exercise of every innate power and faculty of his mind. The exercise of a faculty is its only use. The manner of its exercise is one thing; that involves a question of morals. The right to its exercise is another thing, in which no question is involved, but the existence of the innate faculty and the objects presented by nature for its gratification."

If this view of the origin of human rights be correct, and it impresses itself upon the mind with the force of a truth when thus simply and nakedly stated, we are at once supplied with a firm foundation, upon which may be erected a complete edifice of practical political philosophy. It makes the work of legislation and the province of jurisprudence comparatively easy to be ascertained. It sweeps away a world of arbitrary and artificial statecraft. It repeals whole codes of laws. And it does more; it constructs as well as destroys. In lieu of the wavering rules hitherto recognized, it gives us the immutable, indisputable laws of God, as shewn in the moral government of the world, for the foundation-stone of every political structure.

As an instance of the application of this principle, Mr. HURLBUT finds in man an instinctive love of property; and objects in nature, to be acquired by skill and industry, wherewithal to gratify this instinct. Nature, therefore, having given the desire and the means for its gratification, has established the right of each individual to hold and retain as his property, against all invaders, the objects acquired by his skill and industry. Again; Nature has prescribed certain conditions to the exercise of that right, which are also deducible from man's mental faculties,—as the sentiment of justice, which, while confirming our own title to the products of our own skill and industry, recognizes and guards as equally sacred the right of every other individual to the enjoyment of the products of his labour and ingenuity.

Such is the design of this treatise, which is devoted to shewing its applications to the practical purposes of political institutions and of legislation. Of these details it would be impossible, within any limits we could command, to venture upon a review. The reader must study them in the book itself, which is neither ponderous nor costly. It will amply reward perusal; for it is one of those thoughtful works which help to fix opinion by giving to it a solid foundation upon which to rest.

And great are its merits as a composition. The style is that which befits philosophy; simple, but forcible; plain, but dignified. Even those who may not be convinced, will not rise from its perusal uninstructed. Two or three specimens of the manner must suffice. First, for

THE TRUE FUNCTIONS OF GOVERNMENT.

A just government will impose no restraint upon man which his own moral nature and enlightened intellect do not sanction. A good and proper man ought to feel no restraint under government, but that of his own enlightened nature. The law of government and the law of his own mind ought to present the same limit to his actions. Government no more directs him, than he directs the government. The obligations of the law and those of humanity are to him one and the same. If the laws are just, they are the offspring of his moral nature. The obligation of the laws is derived from their moral fitness. His submission, then, is not to man, but to the Creator—not to government, but to himself—to his better, his superior self. If he make a sacrifice, it is upon the altar of his own happiness; he surrenders no right, but the right to do wrong; he gives up no privilege, but the privilege of erring. But he had no right to transgress a rule of action prescribed by his superior nature to effect his happiness. He surrenders no positive right, therefore, when he becomes a citizen of a just and free government. He is yet as free as his own true nature ever allowed him to be. Never could he indulge a low desire, without reference to the restraints of his own superior nature.—Wheresoever he was, he carried his proper humanity with him. He never was a mere animal, with the freedom of sensual gratification. I have not intended to argue in favour of animal freedom, for man never was free in that sense. Reason always abides with him; conscience never deserts him; benevolence is his constant companion; and noble aspirations to the good, the beautiful, and perfect, ever abound in his nature. These great and dreadful restraints are bound up with the man; and be he where he may, they demand his obedience. The first murderer heard their awful voice in the depths of his soul, after he had slain his brother; and they will for ever cry out against brutal passion and animal excesses. The lower propensities may rage and destroy; but for all these things, man's own great and awful nature will bring himself to judgment. The tribunal is organised in his own mind. His loftier nature sits in judgment upon his lower, administering restraint upon low desire, and condemning mere sensual gratifications. If the laws do no more than this, then do they not unjustly restrain human liberty, nor abridge human rights. The laws, then, of a just government, will merely respond to the demands of humanity. They will emanate from the true wants and moral emotions of the human mind; they will prescribe such limits to human action as man's proper nature prescribes to itself; they will deny no gratification which it denies not to itself; they will bear the express image of human character, and have their foundation in the nature of man. But they will answer the demands of his entire nature. They will sustain its great harmony, cherish its hopes, allay its fears, foster its benevolence, and carry out its justice. They will subdue the animal and exalt the man. They will point the high road to happiness, and close the gate of groveling instinct and base desire. They will prescribe that as the rule of human conduct which the enlightened intellect and high moral endowment write down in the inner man—sanctioning what these sanction, and forbidding what these forbid. The laws will thus be in perfect harmony with man's nature, and the statute-book become the enlightened expression of his will. It may then be truly said that the citizen, "although loyal, would still be free—obedient, and yet independent."

Thus does the author apply his principle to

NATURE'S CREDIT SYSTEM.

The true "Credit System" is the creature of Divine and not human laws. Man is endowed with the sentiments of faith, hope, and benevolence—with an intellect to enlighten and guide them. These respond to the demand of every individual who addresses them, and repose upon his intelligence, truth, and justice. He speaks truly and is believed—asks aid and it is granted to him—seeks credit and it is awarded to him as he may seem to deserve. Man was ordained by the laws of his being to have faith in man—an enlightened and sacred faith, in an intelligent moral being. Now if the sentiments which originate this faith shall be trained by wholesome exercise and enlightened by the intellectual faculties, blind credulity will not be substituted for reasonable confidence, nor delusive hope for rational expectation, and the experience of mankind

will enable them to determine with a great degree of safety in what cases and to what persons they may extend their confidence and trust. These would be given to good sense, integrity, skill, economy, and industry alone. A man possessing these, demands the confidence of his brethren—and they necessarily repose their faith in him. It is neither correct in morals nor safe in business to trust to property alone. Credit must be given to *the man*, and not to his external circumstances. The man changes not, but his circumstances ever change. In the first case you risk only the life of your debtor, while in the latter case you risk a mistake in the genuineness of appearances, the errors of a weak understanding, the danger of fraud, the mistakes of ignorance, and losses arising from idleness and inattention to business. These, or any one of them, may in a very short time lose, squander, or conceal all the property which you trusted; and that gone, you have no reliance but upon the man himself—and him alone you had not trusted, and would not trust. But if you base your confidence upon the qualities of the man alone, you but follow the impulses of your enlightened moral sentiments, and your only hazard rests upon the life of the man. Upon this principle credit would be a matter of moral concern, and intellectual and moral wealth would be a sort of capital in trade. "Thrift would not follow" lying—and in general a man would have first to become bankrupt in his intellectual and moral estate, before he would be bankrupt in trade. This is *Nature's Credit System*—and those who are not furnished with the capital which it demands, must even—"buy for cash." But not content with this simple foundation of all credit and confidence, the social body set about making laws which throw new elements into the system of credit, and ordain for man an artificial faith, grounded upon legal appearances.

Lastly, from Mr. HURLBUT's argument, that the state of civilisation is man's natural state, we extract these proofs that God made

MAN A SOCIAL BEING.

It will suffice to refer to a few instances in which the powers of our nature are as well protected and exercised,—and others in which they are better provided for in society, than in the solitary state.

1. The love of life. Life is safest in society. Such is the man's nature that he will protect his fellow rather than do him harm. Benevolence prompts to sympathy and kind protection; and the sense of justice adds force and certainty to the operation of natural beneficence. All history shews that men, in society, guarantee, in some form, and by some mode or action, the right to life. Besides, in civilised life, where the arts and sciences have attained to any considerable advancement or perfection, the comforts of life, and the means of its protection and safeguard, are so abundant and well applied, that a great increase of security and protection to life is thereby afforded.

2. The means of subsistence are greatly increased in the midst of the most civilised nations of mankind, by a superior cultivation of the earth, by commerce, mechanical invention, and more extended and diligent labour.

3. The desire of property is held in most sacred regard by societies of men, its acquisition fostered, and the right to exclusive possession universally acknowledged. This right is not surrendered or abridged, necessarily, by society; while the means of attainment are greatly increased by an interchange of commodities, a division of labour, improvement in the arts and sciences, and intellectual cultivation; and there need be no interference with it, except for contributions for the general good, which in amount fall far short of the advantages for its acquisition and protection gained by society. Property gains by society, over and above all loss in contributions for the public use.

4. The loves of the sexes, in all well-regulated societies, are protected by the laws, and their sacred exclusiveness held inviolable. In this respect man and woman are greatly elevated and improved by their social organisation in civilised life.

5. The same may be said of the love of offspring. The parent's love, hope, and pride receive far greater gratification in society than it is possible for the solitary man to enjoy. It thus appears, that these instinctive desires derive a greater gratification by human fellowship than in solitude, and as yet

man is a gainer by communion with his brethren. A slight degree of reflection will also shew how finely his nobler nature is attuned to human fellowship. We may concede that the solitary man may exercise his reverence and awe—that his wonder may be indulged—and that his love of the beautiful, and his pride, may be gratified to some extent in solitude,—yet it would not be difficult to shew a decided advantage in all these respects arising to him from extensive human intercourse. But there remain certain well-defined powers, sentiments, and faculties, peculiar to man, which can have no satisfactory exercise out of general society.

1. "The faculty of language," says Mr. Combe, "implies the presence of intelligent beings, with whom we may communicate by speech." In how many ways is this medium of communicating ideas brought into requisition amid the multitudes of men: from simple exclamation, rising upward to the accomplished discourse, the eloquent oration, the exciting romance, the drama, the epic poem, the page of history! What a world of thought and action stands thus revealed to the human intellect!

2. Benevolence demands a wide field of enterprise and exertion. It enfolds all created beings in its love. The more extended its field of action, the greater gratification flows from it. It demands many objects on which to rest with kind sympathy and expansive love. It would embrace a world of intelligent and sensitive beings. With what sweet expression it adorns the human countenance! How doth it exalt that noble brow, and light up the features with an expression of love and tenderness, which makes it the welcome visitant of the cottage and the palace—of the abode of suffering and distress, as well as the scene of happiness and joy! Give place among men for this gentle visitant—this minister of mercy, and bright radiance of the divinity among the dwellers upon the earth. Benevolence demands the society of men, to rejoice in their joy, to sorrow in their griefs, to cheer the desponding, and to shed her radiant smile of love and tenderness upon all the sensitive creation. It has, in its very nature, express relation to surrounding life, intelligence, and sensibility.

3. Man's sense of justice—the great monitor of the human mind, for ever prompting the inner man "to do unto another as he would that others should do unto him"—uttering the eternal rule of equity and right,—demands also to be in the midst of men—in the midst of human and moral action, of which it is the great and impartial umpire. Admit a sense of justice, burning for action, "springing eternal in the human mind," having no other office than to prompt man to do right to his fellow-men, and yet suppose that his superior nature can be indulged and exercised out of society! This is the sovereign power of the human mind, the most unyielding of any; it rewards with a higher sanction, it punishes with a deeper agony, than any earthly tribunal. It never slumbers—never dies. Without this sense of right, man would be unfit for human society. With it he is incapable of enduring solitude. It demands human conduct upon which to decide. It has no sphere of action in solitude.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sketches of German Life and Scenes from the War of Liberation in Germany. Part II. London: Murray. The translator, oddly enough, has placed his preface at the end, so that, in noticing the first part, we were unable to state the origin and authorship of the book from whose contents we were gathering such abundant entertainment. We can now inform our readers that these sketches are selected from four quarto volumes of *Memorabilia*, published in Germany between the years 1843 and 1846, by VARNHAGEN VON ENSE, who was an actor in the scenes he describes so vividly. After serving at Wagram, on the Elbe, in Holstein, and in the campaign of 1814, VARNHAGEN accompanied Prince HARDENBERG to the Congress of Vienna, as secretary. He then went as Prussian Chargé d'affaires to Carlsruhe, and was afterwards appointed minister in the United States; but preferring a domestic life, he declined the honour, and has devoted himself to literary pursuits, having published several volumes of biographies.

This second part of his *Memorabilia* opens with a narration of the events of 1810, when VON ENSE was resident in the Castle of Steinfurt, a remarkable specimen of the manners of a German prince of the middle ages, lingering among the new forms and ideas that produced the French Revolution.

THE CASTLE AND LORD OF STEINFURT.

The count's family inhabited the castle, which was close by the town: it had formerly been a place of some strength, and was surrounded by the small river Aa. On one side of the castle an extensive park, called the Bagno, had been laid out, at considerable expense, by the reigning count. It abounded in lakes, woods, waterfalls, fountains, grottoes, temples, kiosks, mosques, and the like, and tolerably represented the taste of the last century. Everything was intended to minister to courtly ceremonies and pleasures, and to shew off to the utmost the pomp and magnificence of the ruler of the land. An immense concert-room had been built for the count's private band, brought at great expense from Italy; occasionally the count himself played on the flute, which was brought to him on a silken cushion by a noble youth, whose chief duty this was. There were spacious saloons devoted to dancing and eating, and a suite of rooms was set apart for the reception of his subjects and any foreigners who might wish to be presented, with due solemnity, at Court. Highly ornamented barges lay in a small bay on the lake, ready to transport the noble count, his family, and any illustrious strangers, with a proper guard, to the other side. In a part of the garden was an enormous chess-board: those engaged in the game ascended two platforms, from whence they directed the movements of the servants appointed to perform the functions of chessmen. On great occasions the fountains played, the waterfalls tumbled, and the inhabitants of Steinfurt and the country round who were admitted, thought it surpassed Versailles. The reigning count liked to give a high idea of his own power and importance by these extraordinary exhibitions, and the contemplation of his own splendour made him forget the smallness of the sphere over which his sway extended. Not only had he a court and body-guards, officials and servants, but he had taken care of the interests of his subjects in other ways. He had collected pictures, coins, statues, antiquities, and books: he sent those of his subjects who shewed any turn that way to study in foreign lands, on the understanding that their native country—that is, the small province under the count's jurisdiction—should eventually profit by their acquirements. He issued an edict that no one should hold any office in his dominions who had not been educated at the high school of Steinfurt. Neither were his possessions so very small—with the countship of Steinfurt he had inherited the larger property of Bentheim. This had been mortgaged to Hanover by the last possessor; and, as Napoleon held Hanover, the mortgage-money was paid over to France. Besides this, the count possessed Alpen, on the Lower Rhine, Batenburg, in Holland, and had a right to take toll on the Maas. He was a good manager of his property, and, like his ancestors, had accumulated a treasure. His wealth and station had been so much in his favour, that at the dissolution of the German empire, when those who held immediately from the empire were subject to two different fates—either to become sovereign princes or to descend into the lower grade of subjects—it was generally supposed that Count von Bentheim would be one of the former and favoured class. Negotiations were opened with France, and nearly concluded by means of Talleyrand; maps of the principality, enlarged by the addition of the property of the mediatised princes, were drawn out, the sovereignty of the count was as good as acknowledged, when some new whim changed the posture of affairs, and everything was thrown into uncertainty. The count immediately went to Paris to maintain his rights and just claims. He was received with due honours by Napoleon, and treated as a reigning prince, while his claims were less and less acknowledged, and the French were daily taking more complete possession of his own province. The worse his affairs grew at home, the less inclined the count seemed to return. He remained at Paris, which was the only spot where he was treated as a reigning prince, and where he hoped to succeed in his object. Here we found him petitioning, protesting, soliciting, paying court to Napo-

leon and his ministers: an accurate observer of all forms and ceremonies, but leading a retired and frugal life. He still kept up the old fashion of wearing red-heeled shoes, and attracted some attention in the Palais Royal by this and some other antiquated articles of dress: his secretary invariably marched before him. But people forgot these trifling absurdities when they knew him better, and found him intelligent, well informed, and accomplished. He remained at Paris on this footing for several years, while his affairs became worse and worse: at first he was mediatised, and subject to the Grand Duchy of Berg, then to France. As a subject of the French empire, he could hold no title but what was given him by the Emperor, and he found himself degraded to an equality with his former subjects. He remained at Paris indefatigably pursuing his claims until Napoleon's fall, when he returned home, was reinstated in many of his rights, and recompensed by the title of Prince of Alpen. However, when we went to Steinfurt from Paris, such an event was beyond his most sanguine hopes. The family, daily expecting the return of their head, had settled down into a contented state of existence. Household cares distracted their attention, forming a strange contrast with many ceremonials which still existed. The gaily dressed trumpeters who summoned the family with shrill blasts of their trumpets to their daily meals, frequently interrupted the court ladies in their labours in the hen-roost, or the chancellor of the exchequer while counting the apples in the store-room. These scenes were the constant subject of laughter and amusement. The strong foundation of real worth and true nobility of thought supported these excellent people, whether they were sovereigns of the land or simpleburghers.

The description of the miseries of war to the countries cursed with it, is calculated to aid by its practical illustrations, the arguments of those who advocate the Christian principle of universal peace. The delight with which a deliverer was hailed proves the oppressions endured from the presence of an enemy.

TETTENBORN'S ENTRY INTO HAMBURG.

About mid-day of the 18th of March, Tettenborn made his public entry into the city. Never was there a finer sight; the whole population lost itself in the one common feeling of joy for its recovered freedom, and cast off the whole weight of many years of oppression and misery. From the depths of their heart they gave vent to their long-restrained feelings in loud and joyous excitement. None had ever seen such an outpouring of passionate joy as was manifested by the people, nor were Germans deemed capable of so much emotion. The most trifling occurrences of this day were rendered touching and important by the feeling which everywhere prevailed. Thirty citizens had advanced to a distance of ten miles to meet the Russian troops; they rode at their head with loud shouts of joy till they entered the city. The nearer they approached the greater became the crowd, which took up and repeated the loud huzzahs. A guard of honour on horseback, placed at the so-called Letzen-Heller,—where the by-road along which the Russians were advancing from Bergedorf joins the mainroad, which till then runs through the Danish territory,—was waiting to place itself at the head of the cavalcade: this was increased by the guild of archers. Every garden, every country-house, every lane, was filled with people; an interminable swarm of human beings met the eye in all directions. The approaching band was greeted with loud huzzahs in front, while the cheers were repeated in their rear and on all sides. Betweenwhiles the ear caught the voices of the cossacks singing their national airs. Before the gate, Tettenborn received the keys from the hands of the town authorities. At the gate itself maidens clad in white crowned him with flowers, bidding him welcome as their saviour and deliverer, while the mob loudly shouted applause. The joy and excitement had now reached its height. The vast stream in the town was enormous. The people formed one vast stream, which, like a river restrained within its banks, slowly forced its way through the narrow streets, and was occasionally choked up by the impediments it encountered. Every church bell was rung, guns and pistols were incessantly fired off, and every one seemed drunk with joy. "Long live the Emperor Alexander, our deliverer, our saviour!" "Huz-

zah!" and "Long live Tettenborn!" and "Wittgenstein!" "Long life to the Russians and to the cossacks!"—these cries so filled the air, that every building shook with the sound. Flags and streamers fluttered from every window; women and girls waved their handkerchiefs, hats wreathed with green were carried on swords and pikes, or thrown up into the air. Some forced themselves, to the danger of their limbs, between the horses, crowning them also with leaves, which were carried in all directions by the wind; the people even went so far as to kiss the horses in their excess of rapture. Some laughed and cried for joy, old and young raised their hands to heaven, strangers as well as acquaintances embraced, and wished each other joy, every one made friends with his bitterest enemy—a sudden fit of brotherly love took possession of all men. In many streets, pictures of the Emperor Alexander had been hung up crowned with laurel. Tettenborn drew up his horse, saluted each picture as he passed, and gave huzzah for the emperor, which was caught up and repeated by the mob. At length, in the midst of a thousand different manifestations of delight from the crowd, Tettenborn reached his house, where the noise continued uninterrupted. This scene was the more impressive, as he who received this eager applause was not a foreign prince or commander, but a German—an adventurous leader of strange-looking horsemen, who followed him rather on account of his heroic courage than from any feeling of obedience; moreover, he was not at the head of a strong body of troops, but of a mere detachment: the times seemed almost to have returned when great things were done by small numbers, or even by the strength of one right arm. There was an illumination at night, and the zeal of the people found means to repeat, by various devices, the feelings of the day. The applause was continued in the theatre as soon as Tettenborn and his officers appeared in their box; the spectators stood up, women and all, and sung the popular song, "To Hamburg's success!" without which the piece was not suffered to begin. This was some play improvised for the occasion, and every clap-trap was rapturously applauded. The famous actress, Sophie Schröder, came upon the stage with a Russian cockade, and was received with a storm of joy. When Tettenborn left the theatre, his horses were taken out of the carriage, and he was dragged home by the people, who then carried him on their shoulders into his house. Thus ended the greatest day of his life: he had been the hero of the people, and his name was borne far over land and sea.

VON ENSE accompanied the allied army to Paris in 1814, and gives a very amusing and graphic sketch of the aspect, topical and social, of the city, and of the many famous personages by whom it was then thronged—among others, of

MADAME DE STAEL.

Among other shining lights, Madame de Staël now made her appearance in Paris. She had taken a large house, and began receiving people in an evening. She had been ill-looked upon in former times by the royalists and emigrants, and the Bourbons had an old grudge against her; but the long persecution she had endured from Napoleon was considered in the light of an atonement, and latterly this clever woman had done some service to the royalist cause. Meanwhile her old friends of the time of the revolution were not lost; those of the empire had no longer any cause to avoid her society, and all foreigners strove who should pay her most attention and homage. In her journeys through Europe she had done much socially, politically, and in matters connected with literature, and had associated her distinguished name with hopes and expectations which were now for the most part fulfilled. The emperor of Russia paid her the greatest attention, and frequently went to her evening parties; other great people, such as the Duke of Wellington, with a host of warriors and diplomats of all nations, followed his example: literary men and artists had a prescriptive right to go there. She held a sort of court; and if the Bourbons had their restoration, certainly Madame de Staël had hers. I could not deny myself the pleasure of seeing such a society, and I had been personally invited. I was introduced by August Wilhelm von Schlegel one forenoon into a room looking on the garden. Madame de Staël, in a light morning dress, came out of the garden, holding in

her hand a branch which she had plucked from an orange-tree. She received me like an old acquaintance. I knew enough of her not to be surprised at any thing; but I did not expect to find such simplicity and natural ease, as no one had described her to me as possessing these pleasing qualities. Schlegel reminded her that I had been a comrade of her son Albert, and she wished to hear all that I had to say of him,—how we had lived, what people had thought, and what expectations they had formed of him. I had to detail all the circumstances of the duel in which he was killed: she wept bitterly, but it did her heart good to hear that he had acted with courage, and had never shrank from danger. This first visit was very short; fresh people were announced, and I took my leave of her after she had invited me to her evening parties. Schlegel accompanied me in order to learn more fully how I liked his friend. I perfectly satisfied him; but I could not conceal from myself that Madame de Stael—interesting and admirable as she was—did not exactly please me: I missed the charm of sensibility, the expression of deep feeling:—kindness, softness, and talent, the possession of which I could not deny, did not make up for the want of the former qualities. Her manner made upon me the impression of a contradiction, which allowed of no softening down: she was both a princess and a bourgeoise; and it was matter of serious doubt to me which of the two characters was assumed: perhaps both were.

He has preserved an account of

AN EVENING PARTY AT MADAME DE STAEL'S.

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himself deeply interested in the curious facts thus familiarly explained, and deriving a vast fund of information not only curious, but practically useful in the attainment of that greatest of earthly blessings, good health.

The topic is a tempting one, and we should have been delighted to have presented a copious abstract of the contents with some of the extracts that meet the eye at every page. But the rule that forbids long reviews of second editions, while there are new works waiting for notice at this the height of the publishing season, is peremptory upon us, and we must reluctantly pass this volume for others of far less intrinsic worth, but which have the ephemeral interest of novelty. But to the author this matters not. The fact that a book has attained to a second edition is the best proof not only that it is known, but that it is approved; and of itself says more in its favour and will carry more weight with those to whom it may be yet a stranger than any extent of notice given to it in the literary journals.

Therefore we can do no more now, in announcing the appearance of the second edition, than state that here the reader will find the fullest information on all that concerns the Skin and its management, the Causes and Cures of its Diseases, with an ample description, illustrated by engravings, of the structure of that wonderful membrane which envelopes the human frame and performs so many functions essential to life, to health, and happiness, and which cannot be neglected without endangering all. Dr. WILSON is no quack. He has a reason for the treatment he prescribes, and *he gives it*, and it is always based upon an intimate acquaintance with the physiology of disease. This book should be placed on the household bookshelf of every family, and not that it may be looked at or consulted merely, but to be *read* with attention by young and old, to whom its contents are equally important and equally interesting.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Desultory Notes on the Government and People of China, and on the Chinese Language, &c. By THOMAS TAYLOR MEADOWS. London: Allan and Co.

Mr. MEADOWS informs us in his preface, that he commenced the study of the Chinese language in 1841; that he went to China in 1843, and since that time has held the situation of interpreter to the Consulate. As such, he has enjoyed opportunities for observation of the government and people of the Celestial Empire, such as fall to the lot of few. He has associated much with the natives, learned, in private conversation, their feelings, opinions, and views of things abroad and at home, and, avoiding all those more familiar matters which every traveller deems it his duty to reiterate, he has confined his *Desultory Notes* to topics rarely treated of, because little understood and difficult to be acquired; and he is especially copious on the subject of the language of China. As this, however curious and valuable to the philologist, is not adapted for the general reader, for whose information we cater, we must be content with two or three extracts from the portions of the volumes that deviate into other themes, while we recommend the learning to those whom it particularly concerns.

The first note is devoted to the correction of some false notions prevalent in England regarding China and the Chinese. The mandarins are not magistrates of cities, but governors of provinces as big as some European kingdoms. The dress is not unchangeable, but fashion is almost as fickle as with ourselves. The gown, the shoes, the cap, although always worn, as is the coat, the boot, and the hat in England, change their forms quite as frequently.

FASHIONS IN CHINA.

The Chinese dress—to descend to minor topics—is gene-

leon and his ministers: an accurate observer of all forms and ceremonies, but leading a retired and frugal life. He still kept up the old fashion of wearing red-heeled shoes, and attracted some attention in the Palais Royal by this and some other antiquated articles of dress: his secretary invariably marched before him. But people forgot these trifling absurdities when they knew him better, and found him intelligent, well informed, and accomplished. He remained at Paris on this footing for several years, while his affairs became worse and worse: at first he was mediatised, and subject to the Grand Duchy of Berg, then to France. As a subject of the French empire, he could hold no title but what was given him by the Emperor, and he found himself degraded to an equality with his former subjects. He remained at Paris indefatigably pursuing his claims until Napoleon's fall, when he returned home, was reinstated in many of his rights, and recompensed by the title of Prince of Alpen. However, when we went to Steinfurt from Paris, such an event was beyond his most sanguine hopes. The family, daily expecting the return of their head, had settled down into a contented state of existence. Household cares distracted their attention, forming a strange contrast with many ceremonials which still existed. The gaily dressed trumpeters who summoned the family with shrill blasts of their trumpets to their daily meals, frequently interrupted the court ladies in their labours in the hear-roost, or the chancellor of the exchequer while counting the apples in the store-room. These scenes were the constant subject of laughter and amusement. The strong foundation of real worth and true nobility of thought supported these excellent people, whether they were sovereigns of the land or simple burghers.

The description of the miseries of war to the countries cursed with it, is calculated to aid by its practical illustrations, the arguments of those who advocate the Christian principle of universal peace. The delight with which a deliverer was hailed proves the oppressions endured from the presence of an enemy.

TETTENBORN'S ENTRY INTO HAMBURG.

About mid-day of the 18th of March, Tettenborn made his public entry into the city. Never was there a finer sight; the whole population lost itself in the one common feeling of joy for its recovered freedom, and cast off the whole weight of many years of oppression and misery. From the depths of their heart they gave vent to their long-restrained feelings in loud and joyous excitement. None had ever seen such an outpouring of passionate joy as was manifested by the people, nor were Germans deemed capable of so much emotion. The most trifling occurrences of this day were rendered touching and important by the feeling which everywhere prevailed. Thirty citizens had advanced to a distance of ten miles to meet the Russian troops; they rode at their head with loud shouts of joy till they entered the city. The nearer they approached the greater became the crowd, which took up and repeated the loud huzzahs. A guard of honour on horseback, placed at the so-called Letzen-Heller,—where the by-road along which the Russians were advancing from Bergedorf joins the mainroad, which till then runs through the Danish territory,—was waiting to place itself at the head of the cavalcade: this was increased by the guild of archers. Every garden, every country-house, every lane, was filled with people; an interminable swarm of human beings met the eye in all directions. The approaching band was greeted with loud huzzahs in front, while the cheers were repeated in their rear and on all sides. Betweenwhiles the ear caught the voices of the cossacks singing their national airs. Before the gate, Tettenborn received the keys from the hands of the town authorities. At the gate itself maidens clad in white crowned him with flowers, bidding him welcome as their saviour and deliverer, while the mob loudly shouted applause. The joy and excitement had now reached its height. The crush in the town was enormous. The people formed one vast stream, which, like a river restrained within its banks, slowly forced its way through the narrow streets, and was occasionally choked up by the impediments it encountered. Every church bell was rung, guns and pistols were incessantly fired off, and every one seemed drunk with joy. "Long live the Emperor Alexander, our deliverer, our saviour!" "Huz-

zah!" and "Long live Tettenborn!" and "Wittgenstein!" "Long life to the Russians and to the cossacks!"—these cries so filled the air, that every building shook with the sound. Flags and streamers fluttered from every window; women and girls waved their handkerchiefs, hats wreathed with green were carried on swords and pikes, or thrown up into the air. Some forced themselves, to the danger of their limbs, between the horses, crowning them also with leaves, which were carried in all directions by the wind; the people even went so far as to kiss the horses in their excess of rapture. Some laughed and cried for joy, old and young raised their hands to heaven, strangers as well as acquaintances embraced, and wished each other joy, every one made friends with his bitterest enemy—a sudden fit of brotherly love took possession of all men. In many streets, pictures of the Emperor Alexander had been hung up crowned with laurel. Tettenborn drew up his horse, saluted each picture as he passed, and gave a huzzah for the emperor, which was caught up and repeated by the mob. At length, in the midst of a thousand different manifestations of delight from the crowd, Tettenborn reached his house, where the noise continued uninterrupted. This scene was the more impressive, as he who received this eager applause was not a foreign prince or commander, but a German—an adventurous leader of strange-looking horsemen, who followed him rather on account of his heroic courage than from any feeling of obedience; moreover, he was not at the head of a strong body of troops, but of a mere detachment: the times seemed almost to have returned when great things were done by small numbers, or even by the strength of one right arm. There was an illumination at night, and the zeal of the people found means to repeat, by various devices, the feelings of the day. The applause was continued in the theatre as soon as Tettenborn and his officers appeared in their box; the spectators stood up, women and all, and sung the popular song, "To Hamburg's success!" without which the piece was not suffered to begin. This was some play improvised for the occasion, and every clap-trap was rapturously applauded. The famous actress, Sophie Schröder, came upon the stage with a Russian cockade, and was received with a storm of joy. When Tettenborn left the theatre, his horses were taken out of the carriage, and he was dragged home by the people, who then carried him on their shoulders into his house. Thus ended the greatest day of his life: he had been the hero of the people, and his name was borne far over land and sea.

VON ENSE accompanied the allied army to Paris in 1814, and gives a very amusing and graphic sketch of the aspect, topical and social, of the city, and of the many famous personages by whom it was then thronged —among others, of

MADAME DE STAEL.

Among other shining lights, Madame de Staël now made her appearance in Paris. She had taken a large house, and began receiving people in an evening. She had been ill-looked upon in former times by the royalists and emigrants, and the Bourbons had an old grudge against her; but the long persecution she had endured from Napoleon was considered in the light of an atonement, and latterly this clever woman had done some service to the royalist cause. Meanwhile her old friends of the time of the revolution were not lost; those of the empire had no longer any cause to avoid her society, and all foreigners strove who should pay her most attention and homage. In her journeys through Europe she had done much socially, politically, and in matters connected with literature, and had associated her distinguished name with hopes and expectations which were now for the most part fulfilled. The emperor of Russia paid her the greatest attention, and frequently went to her evening parties; other great people, such as the Duke of Wellington, with a host of warriors and diplomats of all nations, followed his example: literary men and artists had a prescriptive right to go there. She held a sort of court; and if the Bourbons had their restoration, certainly Madame de Staël had hers. I could not deny myself the pleasure of seeing such a society, and I had been personally invited. I was introduced by August Wilhelm von Schlegel one forenoon into a room looking on the garden. Madame de Staël, in a light morning dress, came out of the garden, holding in

her hand a branch which she had plucked from an orange-tree. She received me like an old acquaintance. I knew enough of her not to be surprised at any thing; but I did not expect to find such simplicity and natural ease, as no one had described her to me as possessing these pleasing qualities. Schlegel reminded her that I had been a comrade of her son Albert, and she wished to hear all that I had to say of him,—how we had lived, what people had thought, and what expectations they had formed of him. I had to detail all the circumstances of the duel in which he was killed: she wept bitterly, but it did her heart good to hear that he had acted with courage, and had never shrunk from danger. This first visit was very short; fresh people were announced, and I took my leave of her after she had invited me to her evening parties. Schlegel accompanied me in order to learn more fully how I liked his friend. I perfectly satisfied him; but I could not conceal from myself that Madame de Stael—interesting and admirable as she was—did not exactly please me: I missed the charm of sensibility, the expression of deep feeling:—kindness, softness, and talent, the possession of which I could not deny, did not make up for the want of the former qualities. Her manner made upon me the impression of a contradiction, which allowed of no softening down: she was both a princess and a bourgeoise; and it was matter of serious doubt to me which of the two characters was assumed: perhaps both were.

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FASHIONS IN CHINA.

The Chinese dress—to descend to minor topics—is gene-

rally supposed to be quite unchangeable, and the Chinese tailors a kind of stereotype clothiers. Now it is true that the Chinese (I speak of the middle and higher classes) always wear long gowns when they go out, just as we wear coats; but as every part of our coats and our other garments are constantly being subjected to all kinds of changes, within certain limits, so the length of the Chinese gown, the size and form of its sleeves, its colour, and the kind of flowers worked in it when of silk, &c. &c. are perpetually varying. The same is the case with the Chinese shoes and winter skull-caps: the former are, within certain limits, at one period thick and at another thin-soled; and the latter are at one time shallow and at another deep, while the sill knob on the top is sometimes small, at others large, &c. &c. In China, in short, we find as many fops as in Europe, who, like their brethren of the West, are so thoroughly versed in matters of dress, that they can at a glance tell you whether a man's clothes be of the latest fashion or not.

Mr. MEADOWS is of opinion that the long duration of the Chinese Empire is altogether owing to the policy invariably pursued of the advancement to official posts of men of talent and merit only, as ascertained by previous examination.

An extraordinary fact is mentioned as being a serious practical evil in China.

PERSONATING CRIMINALS.

This is done for money to a great extent in the province of Kwang-tung, and that frequently in cases involving capital punishment. At first sight the practice appears very extraordinary; for, we ask, what remuneration can compensate a man for the loss of his own life? But, on a little reflection, we perceive that such a practice may not only very easily exist in China, but would probably exist in England also, were those on whom the condemnation of offenders depends subject to punishment if they failed in bringing criminals to justice. Fortunately for the interests of society, our laws are so framed that it would be difficult for any man to sell his life in this way; otherwise, how many unfortunates are there who, with a certain death by starvation staring, not only them, but those still dearer to them than life itself, in the face, would gladly, to obtain a relief for these latter, meet their death a little sooner!

In the department of Ch'au chou, in the east of Kwang-tung, a substitute may be procured to confess himself guilty of a felony, and suffer certain capital punishment, for about fifty taels of silver, a sum that would exchange here for about seventeen pounds sterling; and which, valued with reference to the amount of the necessaries of life it would purchase in the department mentioned, is probably not worth more than one hundred pounds sterling in England. Hence it is, that the murder of mandarins and riots are so frequent there; for when a number of individuals of the richer classes are dissatisfied with the conduct of a mandarin, they are never prevented from instigating the lower classes to make disturbances by the fear of personal punishment. In the autumn of 1843, a district magistrate of the Ch'au chou department being killed in a disturbance, the provincial judge was, in consequence, despatched from Canton, with a force numerically strong, to seize and punish the criminals. He found, however, on his arrival at the scene of the disturbance, a large body of men assembled in arms to oppose him; and the matter was, as frequently happens in such cases in China, ended by secret compromise. The gentry, who had instigated the murder of the district magistrate, awed by the force brought against them, bought about twenty substitutes, and bribed the son of the murdered man with, it is said, one hundred thousand dollars, to allow these men to call themselves the instigators, principals, accomplices, &c. The judge, on the other hand, obliged by the Code of the Board of Civil Office to execute somebody, or see himself involved in punishment, and knowing that if he attempted to bring the real offenders to justice, they would employ all their means of resistance, which might easily end in the defeat of his force, and his own death, gave way to these considerations, supported by a bribe, and put the twenty innocent substitutes to death. This is one of many instances in which the pernicious effects of the above-named code for the punishment of the mandarins make themselves apparent. A system of falsehood and corruption has

been engendered by it, that is perfectly appalling, and, as in this case, leads frequently to results that cannot be contemplated without a feeling of horror.

Here is an instance of the petty peculation practised by the officials:—

A HINT TO GAOLERS.

For instance, when one day explaining to a Chinese how our doctors were educated, I happened to speak of the smell in the dissecting rooms. "Ah!" said he, "the smell of human corpses is very peculiar,—like nothing else; in the neighbourhood of our prisons you sometimes feel it very strong." "How does that happen?" asked I. "Why," replied he, "the gaolers don't report the death of the prisoners, but let their bodies lie there for a day or two sometimes." "But what is their object in this?" asked I, unable to perceive why people should keep putrid corpses lying close to their own dwellings. "The gaolers make a little money by it," said he; "coffins for persons who die in prison are charged in the public accounts, one being of course allowed for each body. Now, when the gaoler sees that one of his prisoners is dead, he looks round to see if there be not another about to die. If there be such other, he waits till he is dead too; he then reports them, charges for two coffins, but," continued my friend, the tears, as is usual with the Chinese in relating such cases of misery, streaming from his eyes from excessive merriment, "has both the corpses squeezed into one. The prisoners are generally nothing but bones with skin on them, and two can be put very well into one coffin. The coffins are very coarse, but the gaoler gains after all about a dollar, or a dollar and a half in this way."

The Chinese notions of the inferiority of all other nations to their own are not mere boasting, but a sincere conviction. Mr. MEADOWS says,

At present they take the tone of superiors quite unaffectedly, simply because they really believe themselves to be superior. I do not remember meeting among educated Chinese with a single instance of any want of candour in regard to this subject; whenever their minds once acknowledge any thing foreign as superior to the Chinese article of the like sort, they at once admit it to be so. For instance, when a mandarin who has never spoken to a barbarian, and never seen one of their books, who, perhaps, has hitherto always doubted that they had any thing deserving of the name, is first shewn one, he admires the decided superiority of the paper at once; but when he finds that instead of commencing at the left hand, as it (according to his belief) of course ought, its beginning is at the (Chinese) end; when he sees that all the lines, instead of running perpendicularly down the page, in the (to a Chinese) natural way, go sideling across it; when he further asks the meaning of the words in a sentence, and finds, as may easily happen, that the first comes last, and the last first, "Ah!" says he, without, however, the slightest intention of giving offence, "it's all confused, I see; you put the words any where just as it suits your fancy. But how do you manage to read it?" When you, however, explain to him at length, that there is no natural way for the lines to run, and no absolutely proper place for books to begin; that there can scarcely be said to be any natural order for the succession of words in sentences, but that it is fixed by custom, and differs in every language, and that the uneducated Englishman would consider the Chinese method as quite absurd; when you explain this to him, and he begins to comprehend your reasoning, there is no obstinate *affection* of contempt. He cannot, of course, have much respect for the shallow productions of barbarian minds, but he handles the book gravely, no longer regarding it as an absurdity.

A Year of Consolation. By Mrs. BUTLER, late FANNY KEMBLE. London, 1847.
[SECOND NOTICE.]

HERE is a curious anecdote of the

DEXTERITY OF THE JEWS.

Speaking of the admirable dexterity of the Jews of the Ghetto here, in repairing, in a manner absolutely invisible, the most incurable rents in clothes, to which industry the jealous tyranny of custom confines them, as they are not permitted to exercise any trade or handicraft of any kind in

Rome, a lady mentioned that they were famous for the same proficiency in darning in the East. She said that a man at Constantinople having left in charge of a friend of his a purse without seam or join, in which he had placed a certain number of diamonds, complained, on his return from distant travel, that his number of jewels were not correct. The friend maintained the integrity of his trust, and adduced as proof the entire woof of the purse, in which neither seam nor join appeared, and the seal of the owner still remained untouched at the mouth of the purse. The owner of the jewels was forced to admit both these facts, but still persisted in asserting that the amount of diamonds was no longer what he had left. The case was brought before more than one magistrate, but nothing could be elicited upon the subject; and the unaltered condition of the purse, which the owner could not deny, was considered conclusive evidence against his claim. In despair he applied to the Sultan himself, and the strange persistency of his demand impressed the latter so much, that, though compelled upon the face of the facts to dismiss his claims as untenable, the subject remained singularly impressed upon his mind, and induced him to try the following experiment. At morning prayer the next day, when the slave who usually brought the carpet upon which he knelt had withdrawn, he made a long slit in it, and left it to be again withdrawn by the slave. When the latter came to fulfil his duty of rolling up and removing the precious carpet, he remained aghast at the injury it had received, and immediately, apprehending the dreadful effects of the Sultan's displeasure, hastened with the rug to the quarter of the city where the Jews resided; and seeking out one peculiarly renowned for his skill, committed the costly carpet to his best exercise of it, and carried it back so restored that the next morning it lay spread ready for the Sultan's use, without the trace of either damage or reparation. The Sultan no sooner perceived what had been done than he called the slave, who tremblingly confessed what he had done. He was immediately despatched in search of the pre-eminent cobbler, and the Jew no sooner appeared before the Sultan than the latter, sending for the sealed purse about which the controversy had been held, charged him with having in like manner repaired a slit in the woof of the apparently uninjured bag. The Jew instantly admitted the fact; and thus the reclamation of the poor defrauded friend and diamond owner was substantial.

MRS. BUTLER mingled much with society in Italy, and really enjoyed opportunities of learning the inner life of the people, usually so little understood by mere travellers. One of these conversations she repeats:—

ITALIAN SOCIETY, BY AN ITALIAN.

He said that there was no career here for a gentleman of family unless he chose to become a priest. He spoke with great good sense, and at the same time with much bitterness, of the inefficient education to which the sons of their noble families were condemned; of the miserable intellectual results of their college and private tuition, from the prevalence of the priestly spirit throughout all, which narrowed and reduced all mental training here to the most pitiful products. He spoke of the invariable custom which exists here, of giving young gentlemen of family entirely into the charge of some priest or abbot, who, from their earliest childhood, is by turns nursery governess, tutor, and companion, till the attainment of majority at once enfranchises the youth from this incessant supervision, and leaves him, as it were, suddenly, and from one hour to another, the entire master of his own actions—in freedom a man, in fact and truth an inexperienced child. The results of such an instantaneous transition from absolute restraint to absolute liberty, at the age of one-and-twenty, may be easily imagined. One of its most deplorable consequences, according to —, was the number of unworthy marriages which the utter inexperience of many of these young noblemen had induced them to make with artful and designing women of the lower classes,—disgraceful and wretched unions, entered into in the blindness of a first youthful passion, and entailing regret and bitter mortification as their least miserable results. As an illustration of this system, we meet daily in our drives or walks on the Pincio, or in the Borghese gardens, one of the sons of the Prince —, a young man born to one of the noblest names and greatest fortunes of Rome, and who daily takes his airing, like a sick dowager (for girls in

England have more freedom), in an open carriage, accompanied by his inseparable abbot, from whom, however, to judge by his appearance, a very short time must divorce him, leaving him free to follow his instructions, or to buy wisdom at its sole and costly price—experience. From this talk we fell into discussions of the approaching Easter ceremonies; and I learned with amazement that confession and attendance at the communion-table and at certain preparatory religious exercises were expected, and I may say exacted, from every body during the Holy Week—an enforced observance worse than meaningless, and which induces a spirit of bitter secret ridicule in those who are compelled to it by a species of social tyranny, which, with the great majority, must necessarily degenerate into contempt and dislike to all religion—this obligatory ceremonial being the only thing so called with which they are acquainted. — subsequently told me that every member of every parish who did not confess and take the sacrament some time during the Easter festivities was actually posted up publicly. What further catastrophe ensued I do not know, but few people brought up in a priest-ridden community such as this would care to front the obloquy of such a publication. I presume that to any one hardy enough to brave it, however, admonition and eventual excommunication would be the consequence.

And this is her opinion of

ITALIAN HONESTY.

English people are the only honest tradespeople that I am acquainted with: and I say it advisedly; for Americans are unprincipled, and an appointment is a contract with time for its object, and they are as regardless, for the most part, of that species of contract as of some others of a different kind. I have now been six months in Rome, and have had leisure and opportunity to see something of the morals of retail trade—at any rate, in matters of female traffic—among the shopkeepers here. In the first place, the most flagrant dishonesty exists with regard to the value of the merchandise, and the prices they ask for it of all strangers, but more particularly of the English, whose wealth, ignorance, and insolence are taxed by these worthy industrials without conscience or compassion. Every article purchased in a Roman shop by an English person is rated at very nearly double its value; and the universal custom here, even among the people themselves, is to carry on a haggling market of aggression on the part of the purchaser and defence on that of the vendor, which is often as comical as it is disgusting. In Nataletti's shop in Rome, the other day, I saw a scene between the salesman and a lady purchaser, an Italian, that would have amazed as well as amused the parties behind and before the counters of Howell and James's, Harding's, &c. The lady, after choosing her stuff and the quantity she required, began a regular attack upon the shopman: it was *mezza voce*, indeed, but continuous, eager, vehement, pressing, overpowering, to a degree indescribable; and the luckless man having come for a moment from behind the shelter of his long table, the lady eagerly seized him by the arm, and holding him fast, argued her point with increasing warmth. She next caught hold of the breast of his coat, her face within a few inches of his, her husband meanwhile standing by and smiling approvingly at the thrift and eloquence of his wife: I think, however, she did not succeed. The shopman looked disgusted; which, I am afraid, is a consequence of their having adopted the English mode of dealing in that house, as they themselves informed me, to signify that they did not cheat, lie, or steal, but dealt like honest people. I felt proud of his manner of speech: “*Madame, nous avons adopté la manière Anglaise; nous vendons au prix juste, nous ne surfaisons pas, et nous ne changeons pas nos prix;*” so that to deal in the English fashion is synonymous to dealing justly.

It was never our good (or ill) fortune to meet with any of the formidable reptiles described by Mrs. BUTLER in the following passage:—

SERPENTS IN ITALY.

The conversation turned upon the serpents, which, it seems, the warm weather is already tempting forth in the Villa Pamphilii gardens, and other warm and lonely places. Mdm. — told us, that while at Genoa she made an exploring excursion thirty miles off, to the ruins of a place called Libarna, where

some interesting antique remains had excited her curiosity. While standing in the midst of the ruined foundations of some ancient edifice, and directing her workmen, who were excavating under her orders, endeavouring to trace the precise form of the buildings, they uttered a simultaneous cry; and she declares that a serpent, at least sixteen feet long, and as thick as a man's thigh, absolutely leapt by where she stood, and plunged down into the heaps of ruins beneath her. She told us also of a very curious scene which two workmen described to her, and which took place at the time that a violent flood had swollen the waters of a mountain stream in the vicinity of Libarna. The waters rose immensely above their usual level, and the swollen torrent pouring down from the mountains, carried with it trees, and houses, and land, and every thing that it could sweep away in its course; the quantity of timber floated down from an extensive forest, many of whose oldest trees were uprooted, and carried away, found fuel for several winters for the proprietors on the banks of the stream, whose peasantry collected themselves at the points where they could most advantageously arrest those masses in their downward progress, and drew them to shore. While thus employed, a body of them saw an enormous ilex, roots, earth, branches and all, tumbling headlong down the swollen torrent; they prepared, with hooks and ropes and iron crooks, to seize and draw it to the bank, when, to their horror, they perceived that an enormous serpent lay coiled up among its branches. At each attempt that they made to seize the tree, the hideous creature raised itself, and appeared about to dart upon them; and so terrible was its aspect, and so threatening its attitude, that for a long time it successfully defended its floating throne from their attacks. At length, however, one of their number seized a huge stone, and hurling it at the creature, the latter plunged from the tree into the stream, and disappeared; after which, almost immediately, and by miracle, as the peasants assured —, the turbid swollen waters began to subside into their usual channel. From this topic we passed to the less terrible but not much more agreeable one of spiders and scorpions, and Mr. — amused us by describing his experiments upon number of tarantulas, which he caught and confined in a tumbler together. He said, their first movement was to construct within that narrow space each a sort of fortress of its own, from which sallying from, they immediately fell upon, and with incredible fury and rapidity devoured each other, the conquerors increasing in size as the process of victory and cannibalism proceeded, until there remained at the bottom of the glass one huge hideous creature, who was the universal conqueror, and whose bloated body had become the sepulchre of his enemies, as fast as he had demolished them. Certainly, a more disgusting or hateful spectacle cannot be conceived.

Mrs. BUTLER appears to have paid more attention to the rural scenery of the neighbourhood of Rome than any other tourist, and her pictures of it have, therefore, the charm of novelty as well as of beauty. Such is her

VISIT TO MOUNT ALGIDUS.

The single chesnut-trees, that reared themselves amid the tangled wilderness of undergrowth, were, I think, the finest I ever saw. We now began to perceive decided symptoms of fright and excessive ill-humour in our donkey guides, who seemed unwilling to adventure themselves in the savage solitudes of the Algidus. They had read, I believe, neither *Horam* nor *Nibby*; but tradition of much later date gave this mountain forest to *Gasperoni* and his banditti as their chief stronghold, and the intimate acquaintance our old guide professed with the former haunts, persons, and practices of these worthies did not seem at all to re-assure our valiant protectors, who, nevertheless, impelled by our rashness, were fain to follow our guide, who, with sturdy determination, plunged into the green billows of the forest, leading the way through paths utterly invisible, for the upward-springing and downward-hanging vegetation, and where the movement he made as he waded through the thickets was all the indication we had of our way. —, on his invaluable little campagna pony, followed close off his heels, my sister on her donkey, with Antonio next, and I brought up the rear with my little *Flibbertigibbet*, whose bright eyes peering up from among the bushes, where he walked invisible, was all that I could discern of him while he led my donkey. The verdant curtains of

the wood, thrust aside as we passed, closed immediately behind each of us, leaving those who followed to divine the course of those before, by the disturbed waving of the boughs, and their voices calling through the thick foliage. But for the bird-nets here and there spread between the summits of the high trees, we might have imagined that no human creature but ourselves ever traversed this labyrinth, where, more than once, our old guide himself mistook the way, to the infinite dismay and discomfort of the others. Suddenly, in the midst of most appropriate discourses touching the bandit who formerly infested this mountain, Antonio hailed, in a voice of stupendous terror, something he saw moving among the boughs. A boy's voice responded shrill and clear through the leafy screen, and our donkey hero resumed his blustering, bullying demeanour, transferred his fright to the more becoming expression of indignant astonishment at the boy's lonely presence in that solitude, where he could not possibly have any particular business or pleasure, according to his thinking. Our guide told us, that some years ago, when *Lucien Buonaparte* was passing the summer at the Villa *Rufinella*, the bandits made a descent upon the house, and carried off a French painter who was staying there, supposing that they had secured the prince, who, having had the alarm, escaped through a window, while his less illustrious fellow-countryman was conveyed by the brigands to the recesses of the *Algidus*; here they kept him until *Lucien Buonaparte* relieved his very unwilling proxy by paying a ransom of three hundred scudi for him. Our way was becoming, in the mean time, more and more intricate, and we were really not sorry when we reached an open space near the top of the mountain. We here left our beasts with *Augusto Flibbertigibbet*, and climbed, and crept, and clung our way up by ten thousand impossible turns and scramblings, to some huge blocks of ancient wall, amid which we seated ourselves; and — and our guides left us to explore more fully the ruinous remains. While we sat there alone, two men came by, armed, the one with a gun, the other with a hatchet; they looked at us, naturally enough, and we were rather frightened—I think naturally enough too; but either "they were not the men we took them for," or we did not look worth ransoming, so they went on: and presently — and our guides returned, and we descended, not without repeatedly missing our way, to the place where we had left the boy and the donkeys. Here, high-throned above a mountain of most noble forest, we looked over the deep valleys below, and the great hill shoulders with their mantles of green; and having rested and lunched, we set forth to descend the mountain on the other side. For a while we followed a path that, though really not two feet wide, and with branches and roots intersecting it every two yards, might have been called a turnpike in comparison with that by which we had come. Presently, however, our neatherd made demonstrations of repulsing into the twilight vaults of the forest, whereat the heroic Antonio fell into another agony of apprehension. We passed through a glen, where the chesnut-trees were the finest I ever saw. — said it was no wonder Diana loved the *Algidus*; and it seemed to me as if the silver sandals of the huntress must shine presently upon the path, and the rustling of her quiver be heard in the awful solitude. Our guide now struck fairly again into the deep wood, and Antonio broke out into open rebellion; whereupon the old bandit's companion told him that unless he intended to spend the night in the woods, which he would leave him to do if he preferred it, he must follow the path he was taking. This suggestion silenced Paroles, and we proceeded, and finally achieved our exit from the forest, our descent from the mountain, and our return to the open plain, with its sandy roads all overarched with the golden canopies of broom, the broad daylight and level land comforting more or less all our spirits.

In a different style is the sketch of

THE ARTISTS' FETE AT CERVARA.

To-day was helden the annual celebration of the artists' *fête* at Cervara, about ten miles from Rome. Not feeling ourselves equal to the fatigue of the whole day, we determined to go out early in the morning, and see their muster at *Torre de Schiavi*; and then returning to Rome during the heat of the day, drive out again towards evening to their final place of assembly at Cervara. We started, therefore, at seven, and found the roads already alive with early masqueraders, pro-

ceeding to the place of rendezvous, some on foot and some on asses, and some on sorry hacks, and some on showy horses, caparisoned according to the costume of their riders, and apparently to the full as pleased with their finery. The trees were all in blossom and in fragrance, and as we drove along between the envious stone walls of the suburban villas, blooming bushes of white and crimson stocks, and delicate China roses, peeped over the terrace walls, like boarding-school beauties, at us; green pendent tresses of the golden willow drooped over the enclosures, and every now and then a noble iron gate, set in massive stone pillars, gave us glimpses into the paradise of dark evergreens and long walks, between walls of roses, which they defended; along the road-side the acacia swung a thousand silver censers in the morning air, and the whole aspect of Nature was that of a brilliant spring holiday in the garden of the world. Group after group passed us of grotesque and ludicrous figures, singing, laughing, jesting, and all hurrying forward to the meeting-ground. No one was so sober or so poor but his hat had its flower or its bunch of feathers, his waist its bright-coloured scarf, and his arm its gay ribbon-badge; some were accoutred *point device* in brilliant middle-age or eastern costume; and in a narrow lane we came upon a Sicilian noble of the sixteenth century, whose crimson velvet tunic and cap, with their border of ermine and snow-white plume, presented really a most elegant and tasteful picture, especially as the wearer was handsome and young; a little further on the triumphal chariot of the great ruler of the feast (Mr. —) passed us, slowly wending its way to the Tor de Schiavi; the gilt and garlanded wheels and sides sufficiently disguised the rather rude form of the vehicle, which was drawn by two splendid silver-grey oxen, from whose vast foreheads and wide-spread horns great bunches and wreaths of roses hung heavily, as they solemnly proceeded along the road. Arrived at the open space at the Tor de Schiavi, the spectacle was really a most singular one. Hundreds of artists, all in various eccentric and picturesque dresses, scoured about the Campagna or mustered gradually in bands, whose badges and banners belonged to their several nations. Carriages, in crowds, were drawn up round the picturesque ruin. A long line of dust, through which flashed every now and then the harness and wheels of other vehicles, or the brilliant colours of some belated masquerader, marked the way back to Rome. Donkeys brayed, horses neighed, human beings laughed loud and merrily; Cosacks, Turks, Albanians, Knights of the Middle Ages, Generals in powder and pig-tails, and gens-d'armes with paper helmets and wooden swords, pranced here and there between the carriages; the golden morning light touched the whole world with glory; the grand and melancholy Campagna spread itself all around, and the purple line of the Alban and Sabine hills framed in the splendid view and singular daylight masquerade. The concourse of artists had hardly ranged themselves, each about their national banner, and a species of disorderly order, such as is most common among volunteers, been obtained, when the great chief of the celebration and master of the revels, Mr. —, the head of the German school of artists at Rome, appeared in the full costume of Henri Quatre mounted on his triumphal car. His arrival was hailed with universal applause; and a speech which he made, and of which we were too far off to hear any thing but the sound, appeared by the bursts of laughter and the acclamations which interrupted it, to give very universal satisfaction. The next move was an adjournment of a certain number of the artists to the Tor de Schiavi. Climbing the ruined wall, they congregated beneath the remaining vault of the building, and here sung a very vehement and apparently satisfactory concert, in the burden of which an accompaniment *ad libitum* of sticks, and drums, and innumerable human voices, utterly incapable of a tune, joined with most exemplary zeal. Something of the freedom of the carnival appeared to prevail during this singular celebration; for we were bowed to more than once by persons whom we did not know; and while making my way through the rather tremendous crowd of carriages and horses to the scene of the chorus-singing, a German, whose horse we had been admiring very much as it stood beside our carriage, very good-naturedly made way for me, and led me to a good place for seeing and hearing. The words were composed for the occasion by Mr. —, and were quite as good as the occasion required; the music was a popular theme from some

modern Italian opera. I regretted this, and asked my companion why they did not sing some of the beautiful Volkslied of his own country. He said, because in these the French and Italian artists could not join, and what they wanted to obtain was unanimity rather than beauty in the performance. When it was concluded the whole motley army defiled out of the ruin and off the ground, and taking the road, escorted by most of the carriages and infinite amateurs on horseback, proceeded to Cervara, while we wended our way back to Rome.

We cannot refrain from returning for a few more anecdotes of the new Pope.

CHARITY OF POPE PIUS IX.

The day of the procession of St. John Lateran, a poor old beggar-woman, stretched by the wayside, called out to Christ's successor upon earth for help: "Santo Padre, adjutatevi che sto qui povera vecchia abbandonata sopra la paglia e muojo di fame." The Pope sent her immediately a gold piece, and passed on in the procession. At night, in the dress of an abbot, having perfectly remembered the house indicated to him as that where the woman lived, he went to seek her, and found her absolutely lying upon straw, and in a state of miserable destitution. He immediately proceeded to the house of the curate of the parish; the latter, called up not without considerable demur and difficulty (not knowing from whom the summons came) from his comfortable bed, was lost in amazement and dismay at the sight of the Pope, who, reprimanding him severely for his neglect of the poor under his charge, bade him send immediately money, food, bed and bedding, to the poor old beggar whom he had just visited.

Now for the

JUSTICE OF POPE PIUS IX.

His holiness, it seems, has a box at the post-office, of which he himself keeps the key; and whereas no letter whatever was ever allowed to reach the late Gregory XVI.; it is an understood thing that this box, with every thing put into it, is delivered immediately into the Pope's hands. A certain sum of money having been charitably appropriated, I do not precisely remember by whom now, in dower-money, for a certain number of poor young Roman girls in one of the parishes in Rome, one among the number, a poor deformed girl, was defrauded by the priest in whose hands the money was lodged, and who retained hers. The girl ventured herself to address a letter to the Pope, stating how her portion had been withheld from her. Without loss of time, the defaulter was summoned, and condemned by the Pope to pay the poor crippled girl fifty scudi out of his own pocket, besides the twenty-five which were the portion due to her. Some evenings after this, in his usual incognito dress of an abbot, he knocked at the door of an asylum for poor children, the management of which was not supposed to be altogether conscientiously conducted. The porter refused to open the door, alleging that the children were at supper, and just going to bed, and that nobody could be let in. At last, the magical "Aprite che sono il papa," threw the door wide; and the porter, in an ecstasy of fright, was running to rouse the whole establishment with the news, which, however, his holiness forbade; and, merely desiring the dismayed superior to conduct him to the children's eating-room, he proceeded to taste the bread and wine set before them for their supper. He then turned to the superior, and said: "To-morrow, sir, let the bread and wine put before these poor children be such as it ought to be; and remember that I have my eye upon you." with which salutary warning he departed.

POPULARITY OF THE POPE.

On fixed days in the week, for a certain number of hours, he receives indiscriminately all persons who wish to see and speak with him. They are admitted without any distinction, one by one, according to number; and the Pope, permitting them to seat themselves, hears their grievances, receives their petitions, and, warning them that any attempt to impose upon him, or in any way to alter the truth, will be detected and punished, takes their name and address, and has their business inquired into and put to rights. As for the women, said Monsignor, they perfectly adore him, for nothing can exceed his graciousness and kindness to them: "è davvero," added he with Christianly humanity; "bisogna pensarlo che sono

poverette anche lei creature di Dio !” for which allowance we heretical females were duly grateful. Since Monsignor’s visit, we have seen —, who, like the rest of the Romans, is open-mouthed in his enthusiasm for the Pope. He has been composing a popular patriotic chant, in honour of his holiness, which he hopes to get sung in the Piazza del Popolo, on the eighth of September, on the occasion of the Pope’s going to the Santa Maria del Popolo. He said that people were coming daily from Bologna and Ancona, and various of the hitherto most disaffected districts of the papal territory, with enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty, fidelity, patriotism, and devotion to the Pope.

HUMANITY OF THE POPE.

While archbishop of Imola, he was already known to have exhibited his sympathy for those suffering in the cause of political reform by furnishing many of the exiled patriots with money. A beautiful anecdote is related of his merciful and humane disposition while he was in this situation. Among the other duties of the archbishop is that of a periodical survey of the prisons, in the course of which, visits of greater or less length may be paid by him to the cells of each or any of the criminals. An unfortunate woman, whose husband had been confined for upwards of a year, and who had in vain solicited permission to see him, at length, in despair, applied to the archbishop, whose office, however, gave him no power of furnishing her with the required permission. Much moved, however, by the poor creature’s misery, the humane man remembered her petition; and on the occasion of his next official visit to the prison, sent word to her to join the train which usually attended his progress on these occasions. Arrived at the cell where her husband was incarcerated, he bade the woman enter it, and sat himself at the dungeon-door for an hour, during which space of time the unfortunate people enjoyed once more the blessing of being re-united.

Our gleanings have been but a scanty gathering of the stores of interesting information which Mrs. BUTLER has provided for the public during her *Year of Consolation*.

POETRY.

The Fall of Nineveh; a Poem. By EDWIN AHERSTONE. 2 vols. London, 1847: Pickering. In this singularly unpoetical and unimaginative age, when the material so engages all thoughts that the world has no leisure to bestow upon the ideal—when little rhyme is written, and less read—when even the literary journals, whose very business it is to help to keep alive, if they cannot fan into an active flame, the genius of art in all its forms, scarcely deign to notice any pages that come to them in the shape of verse—it must be confessed that if the conception and the composition of an epic poem was a brave enterprise, its publication was an act of daring. Its prudence is a question for the author and his publisher; with that the reviewer has no concern. Its intrinsic merits as a poem, and not its adaptation to the accidental tastes of the time, is the question we have to try.

The event which Mr. AHERSTONE has selected for his subject is, in its grandeur and in the mist of imperfect knowledge with which it is surrounded, peculiarly adapted for an epic. Enough is known to invest it in the imagination with the terrors of a reality, while our information is not so minute and detailed as to tie the poet to hard and inconvenient facts, or to produce an unpleasant jarring in the reader’s mind between the “Official Dispatch” and the epic narrative. Ample scope is afforded for the fancy, and Mr. AHERSTONE has largely availed himself of the license. In the structure of its plot *The Fall of Nineveh* is unimpeachable.

But two volumes of blank verse, however excellent, are more than most readers will dare to read right on, nor must Mr. AHERSTONE expect it even from a reviewer. How few have read the whole of *Paradise Lost*? And if he consulted his fame he would not de-

sire it. Even MILTON is dull through half his work. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.* Genius cannot be throwing out flashes through thirty thousand lines of ten syllables. It will fold its wings often, sleep sometimes, and send its reader to sleep. It is in parts that we must judge an epic poem now-a-days; in parts it will be read, and so read, this one will greatly please all the lovers of poetry.

But we must say that we do not like this so much as the other less formidable poetical works of Mr. AHERSTONE. His *Last Days of Herculaneum* is a production of extraordinary power, and the more striking because the catastrophe is described in a hundred pages or so, while in *The Fall of Nineveh* it is expanded over seven times the space. Better than either was his *Sea Kings in England*, an epic in prose, and one of the most interesting and best written of the historical romances that followed in the wake of SCOTT—very far, indeed, superior to aught that JAMES or COOPER have produced. Both of these works, the poem and the romance, unequivocally stamp Mr. AHERSTONE a poet—prove him to possess *genius*—and entitle him to a high and permanent place among the poets of England. Our readers will observe some peculiarities in the form of his sentences, in the location of his words, and in the structure of his verse; but everywhere a vigorous imagination, the presence of power, a command of imagery, and a musical ear, which will recommend the extracts to perusal twice or thrice, and perhaps induce them to seek more of such passages in the volumes, where they may be found abundantly.

The opening is fine, and a good example of Mr. AHERSTONE’s manner.

Of Nineveh, the mighty city of old;
The queen of all the nations. At her throne
Kings worshipp’d; and from her their subject crowns,
Humbly obedient, held: and on her state
Submiss attended; nor such servitude
Opprobrious named. From that great eminence
How, like a star, she fell, and passed away;
Such the high matter of my song shall be.

The vision comes upon me! To my soul
The days of old return: I breathe the air
Of the young world: I see her giant sons.
Like to a gorgeous pageant in the sky
Of summer’s evening, cloud on fiery cloud
Thronging upheaved, before me rise the walls
Of the Titanic city: brazen gates,
Towers, temples, palaces enormous piled;
Imperial Nineveh, the earthly queen!
In all her golden pomp I see her now;
Her swarming streets; her splendid festivals;
Her sprightly damsels to the timbrel’s sound
Airlily bounding, and their anklets’ chime;
Her lusty sons, lik summer mornin gay;
Her warriors stern; her rich-robed rulers grave:
I see her halls sunbright at midnight shine;
I hear the music of her banqueting;
I hear the laugh, the whisper, and the sigh.
A sound of stately treading toward me comes;
A silken wafting on the cedar floor:
As from Arabia’s flowering groves, an air
Delicious breathes around. Tall, lofty browed,
Pale, and majestically beautiful;
In vesture gorgeous as the clouds of morn;
With slow proud step her glorious dames sweep by.

Again I look, and lo! before the walls,
Unnumbered hosts in flaming panoply;
Chariots like fire, and thunder-bearing steeds!
I hear the shouts of battle: like the waves
Of a tumultuous sea they roll and dash!
In flame and smoke the imperial city sinks!
Her walls are gone, her palaces are dust:
The desert is around her, and within:
Like shadows have the mighty passed away!

A page further on, and the narrative begins with a superb picture of—

NINEVEH BY NIGHT.
On Nineveh’s proud towers the sinking sun
In cloudless splendour looks; nor, through the earth,

Like glory doth behold. In golden light
Magnificent the mighty city stands,
Empress of nations ; nor her coming doom
Aught feareth, nor the voice of prophet old
Remembereth ; nor of her iniquities
Repenteth her ; nor the avenging hand
Of Heaven incensed doth dread ; but with her pomp
Made drunken, and the glory of her might,
Her head in pride exalteth, and to fate,
As to a bridal or a dance, doth pass.

The flaming orb descends—his light is quenched :
The golden splendours from the walls are fled.
Even so thy glories, mighty Nineveh !
Shall darken ; and impenetrable night,
On which no morn must rise, envelope thee !

But joyous is the stirring city now :
The moon is clear, the stars are coming forth ;
The evening breeze fans pleasantly. Retired
Within his gorgeous hall, Assyria's king
Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine
Revels unfearing. On the gilded roof
A thousand golden lamps their lustre fling,
And on the marble walls, and on the throne
Gem-bossed, that, high on jasper steps upraised,
Like to one solid diamond, quivering stands,
Sun-splendours flashing round. In woman's garb
The sensual king is clad, and with him sit
A crowd of beauteous concubines. They sing,
And shoot the sparkling glance, and laugh and sigh ;
And feed his ear with honeyed flatteries,
And laud him as a God. All rarest flowers,
Bright-hued and fragrant, in the brilliant light
Bloom as in sunshine ; like a mountain stream
Amid the silence of the dewy eve,
Heard by the lonely traveller through the vale,
With dream-like murmuring melodious,
In diamond showers a chrysal fountain falls.
All fruits delicious, and of every clime—
Beauteous to sight, and odoriferous—
Invite the taste : and wines of sunny light,
Rose-hued, or golden ; for the feasting Gods
Fit nectar. Sylph-like girls and blooming boys,
Flower-crowned, and in apparel bright as spring,
Attend upon their bidding. At the sign,
From bands unseen voluptuous music breathes ;
Harp, dulcimer ; and, sweetest far of all,
Woman's mellifluous voice. What pampered sense
Of luxury most rare and rich can ask,
Or thought conceive, abundantly is there.

Through all the city sounds the voice of joy,
And reckless merriment. On the spacious walls
That, like huge sea-cliffs, gird the city in,
Myriads of wanton feet go to and fro :
Gay garments rustle in the scented breeze ;
Crimson and azure, purple, green, and gold :
Laugh, jest, and passing whisper are heard there ;
Timbrel, and lute, and dulcimer, and song :
And many feet that tread the dance are seen ;
And arms upflung ; and swaying heads plume-crowned.
So is that city steeped in revelry.

Quite Miltonic in its tone is this

PRAYER OF THE PRIEST BELESIS.

The Priest withdrew.

Upon the summit of the hill arrived,
Amid the holy trees ; his falchion first,
And glittering spear, upon the ground he laid :
His brazen helmet next, and shining mail :
Then, in his priestly vestments clad alone,
Fell prostrate on the earth. Uprising soon,
His arms he lifted ; and his kindled eye
Turned towards the dazzling multitude of heaven,
And the bright moon. His pale and awful face
Grew paler as he gazed, and thus began.

"Look down upon us from your spheres of light,
Bright Ministers of the Invisible !
Before whose dread Supremacy weak man
May not appear : for what are we, earth-worms,
That the All-Holy One to us should stoop
From the pure sanctuary where he dwells,
Throned in eternal light ? but ye his face
Behold ; and in his presence stand ; and hear
His voice divine ; and his commands obey ;
Viceroyalty of the sky. Upon your priest
Look down ; and hear his prayer. And you, the chief,
Bright Mediators between God and man ;
Who, on your burning chariots, path the heavens,
In ceaseless round ; Saturn ; and mighty Sol,

Though absent now beyond the ends of earth,
Yet hearing human prayer ; great Jupiter,
Venus, and Mars, and Mercury, O ! hear,
Interpreters divine ! and for your priest,
Draw the dark veil that shades the days to come !

Lastly, let us take the conclusion, when fire and tempest had done their work, and the accumulated labours of centuries were destroyed in a day.

THE FALL OF NINEVEH.

The work was done.

The fitful whirlwind, like a bird of prey
Full gorged, soared upwards, bearing on its wings
Dense smoke, and clouds of fire. Far off it flew,
Angrily murmuring ; and in distance died.
The earth no more was shaken : save the voice
Of the great conflagration, all was still.

When from the ground the millions rose, behold !
No stone upon another seemed to stand !
Where, in the pride of power, and boundless pomp,
Long ages had been throned the Eastern Queen,
Raged now a sea of flame unquenchable !

Awe-struck, and sad, the gathered nations gazed ;
Then, as one soul had ruled them, turned aside,
And bowed the head, and wept. The crown of earth,
Her glory and her sunshine, seemed at once
Shattered, and quenched ! the brightest star of heaven
Darkened, and fallen !

As through forest vast,
The plaintive moaning of the wintry wind,
Pervading far and wide, through midnight sounds,
So, from that countless multitude, the voice
Of wailing, and of lamentation deep,
Rose on the stirless air.

One man alone,
Erect, exulting, on the ruin gazed—
The priest Belesis ; for, accomplished now,
The visions and the prophecies of years
He saw before him. On the arm he touched
The sorrowing Mede ; and, with an eye of fire,
And countenance of triumph glowing bright,
Pointed, and proudly smiled. Arbares looked,
Yet breathed no word ; but shook the head, and wept.

Throughout the night was heard the voice of woe :
None to his fellows, save in whisper, spake ;
None from his place removed.

Day dawned at length ;
And then, like mourners who long time have bent
O'er the dark grave, and bid the last farewell,
To needful tasks they went.

Nine days, and nights,
Streamed up the flames ; and still the downcast hosts
Lingered to watch, and weep. But on the morn
Of the tenth day, tow'rs Babylon, new seat
Of Eastern power, 'gan flow the human sea.

On the broad summit of the southern hills,
At eve the army camped ; still full in view
Of that great burning. But no more the flames
Their hands triumphant lifted. One vast sheet,
As 'twere a lake of molten iron, lay,
Voiceless, and motionless ; with glare intense
Dying eve's sober raiment !

At deep night,
Heaven's flood-gates wide were opened ; and came down
Heavy, unceasing rain. Down, down, still down,
Straight as a plummet's course, the broad, close drops
Unceasingly came down.

Day rose ; but dark
As winter's twilight ; still was heard no sound,
Save the great boiling of the ponderous flood.
Noon came,—a deep eclipse ! yet stirred no man.
Eve passed : and night—pitchy blackness—fell ;
Yet still down, down, the unrelenting rain
Poured in thick torrents down !

Tow'rs break of day
Again heaven's flood-gates closed ; and when grey light
Was in the sky, from their close shelter came
The wearied millions, and looked forth. But lo !
The spacious plain seemed now an inland sea :
In midst thereof an island, low, and dark,
And like a caldron steaming. Where, so late,
Palace, and tower, and temple ; battlement,
And rock-like wall, deemed everlasting, stood,
Now, yon black waste of smouldering ashes lay !

So sank, to endless night, that glorious Nineveh !

These passages will amply justify our praises.

EDUCATION.

The Boy's Spring Book. By THOMAS MILLER.
London : Chapman and Hall.

A CONTINUATION of the series, of which three or four have been already introduced to the readers of *THE CRITIC*, as combining an unprecedented number of attractions—handsome binding—engravings of first-rate excellence—fine paper and printing—and such pleasant matter for reading, that there is not a boy in all the land who would not leave his play to listen to it, because it tells him about the charming country, and its sights, and sounds, and sports, so dear to him. Here does Mr. MILLER talk to the Boys about the beauty of the spring, the songs of the birds, the early spring-flowers, the rooks, the author's village playmates, birds' nests, the bees, out-of-door games, young lambs, May-day, the return of the swallows, and so forth.

They who possess its predecessors in the series will eagerly procure this. To those who have seen neither we say, hasten to place all of them in the hands of your children. They are good, wholesome books.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The British World in the East: a Guide, Historical, Moral, and Commercial, to India, China, Australia, South Africa, and the other Possessions or Connections in the Eastern and Southern Seas. By LEITCH RITCHIE. 2 vols. London, 1847 : Allen and Co.

ALTHOUGH the subject of these volumes has been often treated in the various forms of History, Geography, Essay, Review, and Parliamentary Blue Book, it has never been presented to the public in a popular form, in which it is the design of Mr. RITCHIE to introduce the general reader to such a knowledge of our magnificent empire in the East as every well-educated person ought to possess, but which is rarely found even in the best society, doubtless in consequence of the absence of an instructor like that before us. The existing histories are too long or too curt—too learned or too superficial; treatises or chronologies. The existing topographies are too scientific, or too elementary—too statistical, or too barren. These volumes aim at presenting the heads of our knowledge relating to the British Colonial Possessions in the East, but they do so in a *readable* form, steering between a dry catalogue of facts and dates, and learned and laborious disquisition. It is essentially a work for the perusal of the general reader, offering to him just so much, and no more, of information as he is likely to be seeking, and conveying it in a form that makes his learning a recreation and not a task.

The plan is simple enough. The first volume is devoted to India. The first book narrates its history from the earliest time to the downfall of the Mahomedan Empire. The second describes the civilisation of India under the Hindoos and Mahomedans. The third presents the history of the settlements of the English and other European nations in India; and the fourth is devoted to the constitution and regime of the East-India Company. The last book contains a geographical outline of India, its productions, resources, and capabilities, and its connection with Europe by means of steam navigation; and concludes with a comparative view of the condition of the country, under Hindoo, Mahomedan, and British rule.

The second volume treats, first, of the countries adjoining India—Beloochistan and Affghanistan; Cashmere and Thibet; the Burman empire and Siam; the Malay Peninsula and the Eastern Archipelago. Then the Chinese empire and that of Japan are described with much minuteness and accuracy. Australia and the islands of the Pacific, and Southern Africa, and the

islands of the Indian and South Atlantic Oceans, conclude the survey.

From so wide a field there might be gathered almost any amount of interesting extracts. Wherever we open the volumes, something attracts the eye and arrests the attention. And Mr. RITCHIE's style is particularly pleasing. He is practised in the public taste, and knows how to adapt himself to the popular understanding. He never writes above the heads of readers. His business is to narrate events—to describe objects. He does this in a plain straightforward unaffected fashion, seizing upon salient points, and artistically grouping them to take the eye, while he throws into shade or into the background of his picture, the less important accessories.

Being such, these volumes should be at once added to all public libraries, both for present reading and for permanent reference. They who desire a work on our eastern colonies will not find a better one for the ordinary purposes of information. It should be made a part of any regular course of historical and geographical study, and will be an admirable foundation for the more profound knowledge required by those whose destinies are to conduct them to the East as the scene of their future struggles for fame and fortune.

As specimens of the very attractive manner in which the work is written, the following extracts, limited by our space rather than by our inclination, must suffice; but we think they will tempt many a reader to turn to the volumes whence they are taken.

THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

It is usual to consider the islands of the Archipelago as the summits and plateaux of submarine mountains, which are merely a continuation of one of the chains that intersect the continent of Asia; but we shall find them very different in character from any we have as yet met with. Being so near the line, they possess the peculiarities of intertropical countries, with some exclusively their own. Their mountains are all volcanoes: they are in the most places clothed with forests of gigantic trees, burying the earth in what might seem eternal gloom: they have neither deserts of burning sand, nor grassy plains for the nourishment of cattle; and the comparatively tranquil seas from which they rise, are moved only by winds and currents of a known and uniform direction. The Archipelago, therefore, is at present a country of hunters, mariners, and fishermen; but, from its geographical position and natural advantages, it is destined to become the seat of a great commercial empire. "Their boats and canoes," says the admirable historian of this region, "are to the Indian islanders what the camel, the horse, and the ox are to the wandering Arab and the Tartar; and the sea is to them what the steppes and the deserts are to the latter." This would point to their destiny, without the analogies of experience. The permanent dominion, founded upon the mean and huckster-like policy of the Dutch, will one day be eclipsed by the energy of some other maritime nation of the west of more large and generous views; and the Indian mariners will become merchants instead of pirates; and instead of groping within the circle of their thousand isles, their flag will be seen in the farthest emporia of Asiatic and Australian continents.

The aboriginal inhabitants of this region, we are told, are of two races,—one of a yellowish-brown complexion, and the other of a sooty complexion,—the former bearing some resemblance to the Tartar, and the latter to the negro. But we have ourselves some doubt of this fact; for Nature, in her distribution of mankind, seems to be governed by fixed laws; and even in southern Africa, the intermingling of the two opposite and antagonistic races is, in all probability, of a comparatively recent date. The blacks and the browns of the Archipelago are natural foes; and the position of the latter is apparently of a people superadded by conquest to the indigenous inhabitants of the country. The browns are masters; the blacks slaves or fugitives. The browns occupy the coasts and the valleys; the blacks the mountains and forests of the interior. The browns possess those islands which, from soil and other circumstances, repay culture or commerce;

and the blacks are found in greatest numbers at the outskirts of civilisation, till, towards New Guinea, the farthest boundary of the Archipelago, they are the sole inhabitants.

Our readers will probably be surprised to learn the degree to which civilisation has advanced in Japan, of which island a succinct and extremely interesting account is given by Mr. RITCHIE :—

SOCIETY IN JAPAN.

Education may be said to form the whole framework of Japanese society. Every individual of the entire population is educated—at least, to the extent of reading and writing, and the acquisition of some knowledge of the history of their own country; but all children above those of the lower orders go through a regular course for many years of morals, manners, and ceremonies, from the minutest form of etiquette up to the performance of the *hara-buri*, or process of committing suicide by ripping up the abdomen. Girls, in addition to the literary and ceremonial instruction, receive lessons in sewing, in all kinds of useful and ornamental work, and in household duties. At fifteen the education is complete: the youth receives a new name (which, indeed, he does on every important epoch of his life); his head is shaved, he has ceased to be a boy, and he casts his eye round in quest of a wife. The nuptial presents, which always everywhere else in the East are the true purchase-money of the bride, and here sent to the lady herself, who bestows them upon her parents; and they in turn, as it still further to preserve appearances of pride and delicacy, furnish her *trousseau*, consisting principally of a spinning-wheel, a loom, and some culinary utensils,—they having previously burned with much ceremony her childish toys, to indicate that she is about to enter upon the stern realities of life; and now, on sending her forth in procession to the bridegroom's house, they wrap round her dress of virgin white a winding-sheet, in which she is married, and in which she is destined eventually to descend into the grave! An analogous custom, strange to say, prevails on the banks of the Seine, which we have thus attended to on another occasion:—"In the same spirit of a wise and grave philosophy, the bride is married in a mourning gown. The girl is dead, and all happy, headless dreams departed; it is the woman who now comes upon the scene, mourning for the past, and looking forward in fear or faith to the future: it is the heiress of the curse of Eve, who, lovely in her grief, and smiling through her tears, now enters upon her fatal inheritance. All is gaiety, however, in the Japanese procession, which parades through the town—the men in dresses of ceremony, and those of the women glittering with gold embroidery; and all is gaiety in the bridegroom's house, where the bridesmaids, assuming the names of male and female butterflies, flutter through the thousand ceremonies of presenting and drinking *sake*, in which the marriage form consists: but the wedding-feast which crowns the day is severely simple, either to tame down the joyous spirit of the time with 'the pale cast of thought,' or, as some say, to commemorate the frugality of the ancestors of their people."

The house in which the young people were domiciled, is in all probability their own—supposing them to belong to the better classes; for the thraldom of the princes and nobles descends far below their own rank, and men even of the middle orders are glad to lay aside the burthen with the dignity of being the head of a family. But the son is not unwilling to take his father's place, and become the sire of the old gentleman himself; for troubles and difficulties appear like positive enjoyments to the imagination of high-hearted and generous youth. For a time, indeed, he has perhaps little complaint to make, for his chains are gilded with pomp, and garlanded with pleasures. He belongs to some department or other of the government; but as three-fourths, at least, of the entire population do so likewise, his share of labour is very light indeed. His life seems to pass in a round of enjoyments, or at least such part of it as is not frittered away in idle toils; of which the most onerous are writing notes and making presents, although the mere occupation of bowing—as much a matter of prescription as the rest—would seem in any other country (with the exception of China) to be business enough in itself. Morning calls are still more common than in London or Paris; but the hospitality which has become unfashionable in those of Europe, is indispensable in Japan, where tea and pipes are presented, and at last a paper of con-

fectionery, which the guest, if he cannot eat it, deposits in his sleeve. This is practised even at dinners and other great entertainments. In England, the confectioner who furnishes a supper, collects what is left to form part of another supper; but at Japanese feasts the preparations are made for the actual guests; and a man who goes out to dinner is bound in politeness to let his servant come with a basket to carry off the fragments. Venison, poultry, fish, and vegetables (for beef is not eaten), are the staple of the dinner, the birds having sometimes their beak and claws gilded, like the pheasants of medieval Europe; but the entertainers pique themselves most on the display they can make of their table service in China and Japanned ware.

Besides dinners, there are grand tea-drinkings, in which the infused herb is the only refreshment, but served with a pomp and paraphernalia which give ample scope for the ostentation of the host. Although the furniture is very scanty,—the carpet serving for chair, table, sofa, and bed in one,—still there is infinite art in its management. In the drawing-room there is a recess which contains a single picture and a vase of flowers, and these must be constantly changed to suit the particular occasion. At such parties, the ladies amuse themselves with ornamental work, or else with music and dancing, of which the former is, like the Chinese, unintelligible to European ears, but the latter a not ungraceful pantomime, in which the legs, concealed by their wide dresses, have the least to do. Chess and draughts are the sedentary games; but when forfeits are introduced, the polite, dignified, and gorgeously-dressed company throw ceremony out of the window, become rank philosophers on a sudden, and play with might and main, like so many boys and girls. The penalties imposed upon the men are chiefly the bibation of a cup of *sake*, and they are occasionally so virtuous and so valiant in their submission to the law of the game, that the proud and temperate orientals are carried off by the servants like so many baskets of leavings. The Japanese are passionate admirers of fine scenery, and among their recreations the most esteemed are rural excursions and water-parties. No country in the world is richer in the beauties of nature, and in Japan even the roads are made to add to the picturesque, being carried in flights of steps over the hills. The rivers, the lakes, the innumerable bays of the coast, are thronged with gilded barges, which lie mute and motionless under some shady bank during the heat of the day, but when the bland evening comes, shoot like stars through the water, tracked by many-coloured lanterns, and the silvery laugh and buoyant songs of women. In the towns there is the theatre, as another resource; but the Japanese drama is after a model so different from that of Europe, that the Dutch visitors could comprehend little beyond the boxes, pit, and stage, which reminded them of home. The female parts are sustained by boys, and three pieces are frequently played in the course of the same performance, not successively, but in alternate acts,—a plan for ensuring variety which is worth the consideration of our minor theatres. A Japanese play-goer may thus amuse himself with a walk, or any thing else, between-whiles, and return when the interrupted thread of the drama he wished to see is resumed. As for the ladies, they are well satisfied to remain in the boxes during the whole of the afternoon and evening, as they are themselves an important part of the spectacle. They are accompanied by their female servants, loaded with dresses, and pass the time in the cruel sport of trying the effect of their whole wardrobe upon the groundlings.

But the round of amusement, as well as that of business, has at length an end, and the Japanese dies; but even death is here a form peculiar to the country. Sometimes it is enacted in a temple, the individual ripping himself up publicly as the closing scene of a grand entertainment; sometimes he goes through the ceremony in his own family circle; and occasionally he huddles through it in private as an escape from criminal conviction and dishonour. But although a tragical enough matter for the principal actor, it is often *nayboeu* as regards others, for the death is concealed until his creditors are satisfied with the salary of the defunct, or the reversion of his place has been secured for his son. When at length it is quite convenient to announce that the man is dead—whether he has died by suicide or in the common course of nature—the furniture of the house is burned upside down, and the clothes of its inhabitants inside out; a priest takes his place by the corpse, and the friends

come to see that all is properly ordered, the family being supposed to be incapacitated by grief from attending to anything whatsoever. One of them remains outside the door in a dress of ceremony, to receive visits of condolence, since no one but an intimate friend will incur the necessity of entering the house of death. In former times the house of the deceased was burnt, after his monument had been constructed from its materials; but at present it is considered sufficient to kindle a fire before it, and throw oils, perfumes, and spices into the flames. In like manner the custom of burying servants with their masters (in the early epochs, alive) has fallen into desuetude, and effigies are substituted just as the simple habits of the ancient Japanese are represented by their luxurious descendants by the introduction of a piece of coarse salt fish, even at the most sumptuous meals. The body is placed in a sitting posture in a coffin resembling a tub, enclosed in an earthen vessel, and the procession is preceded, as in Russia, by torch-bearers; and after the male portion of the family in white, surrounded by the friends in dresses of ceremony, come the ladies and the female friends in palanquins. A funeral service is performed at the interment, and the corpse sinks into a well-like grave to the sound of a kind of cymbal.

A description of the manner of Dutch life in Japan introduces a graphic sketch of the aspect of the inhabitants:

THE DUTCHMAN IN JAPAN.

Still, even in this, life has its varieties, for occasionally the petition of a Dutchman to take a walk is granted by the governor, after twenty-four hours' consideration; and in this case, attended officially by twenty-five or thirty persons, and conventionally by their friends and acquaintances, all of whom he is bound to entertain,—not to mention an escort consisting of every boy in the quarter big enough to run, shouting “Dutchman! Dutchman!”—he sallies forth on his promenade. The town with its low neat houses, projecting triangularly into a landscape garden, small or large according to the circumstances of the proprietors—the lovely country beyond, with its temples crowning every hill, and opening their doors to parties of sinners and saints alike, and finally the tea-houses, with their singing and dancing delilahs, all are explored, all are enjoyed; and the happy reveller—who in the course of the day has perhaps been permitted to give his company the slip, and take a solitary ramble *nayboen*—with a sigh of mingled satisfaction and regret, returns to his prison, which he must reach before sunset. The grand excursion of the Dutch, however, takes place every fourth year, when they proceed in a body to carry their presents to the viceroy at the distant capital Gedo. Their number, including natives, amounts to two hundred; and although the meanest of the princes on a similar journey is attended by a retinue of ten thousand men, the Dutch are treated with as much distinction on the road, in the character of persons actually destined to enter the sublime presence. They see nothing of the country, however, but the customary line of route, and the audience of the viceroy does not occupy one minute. But they are amply repaid for their trouble in taking such a journey, by the view of a state of society which might be supposed to exist in the moon, so different is it from European experience.

The Japanese appear to be in every respect superior to the Chinese, and their refinement is not only different in kind, but vastly greater in degree. Like the latter, they were originally Tartars, there can be no doubt; but in the course of ages a train of different circumstances has modified the character both of their minds and persons. So far as exterior goes, they are, according to Marco Polo, “fair, handsome, and of agreeable manners;” and the Dutch writers, in spite of the Mongol peculiarities of the countenance, are charmed with the beauty of the women. As the Chinese ladies, however, tie up their feet, and the Europeans apply more dangerous and as equally unnatural ligatures to the waist, so do the fair Japanese bandage their hips so tightly as to turn their feet inwards, and give a certain awkwardness to their gait. Their dress consists of several long loose gowns, worn over each other; those of the higher classes being of silk, richly embroidered or trimmed with gold lace. Their hair is dressed in the form of a turban, stuck full of pieces of tortoiseshell exquisitely polished, which are the only trinkets they wear. They use paint in profusion, daubing their cheeks with red and white, and even their lips with what is described as a golden purple; and when married,

they blacken their teeth and extirpate their eyebrows. The men wear the same kind of dress, with the addition of a scarf on the shoulder, the length of which determines their rank, and, on occasions of ceremony, a cloak of a specific form, with a pair of trousers resembling a Dutchman's smallclothes, but increased in length and in enormity of latitude. Instead of shaving their heads all but the crown, like the Tartars and Chinese, they shave only the crown and front, and gather the hair of the temples and back of the head into a knot on the top. Hats are not worn by either sex, except as a defence against rain, just as Europeans use umbrellas. The fan, which is in everybody's hand, from the beggar to the emperor, screens them from the sun, and serves a multitude of other purposes.

The *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*.

No. IX. London: Printed for the Association.

We have had occasion to make frequent mention of this Association by our reports of their meetings, and the various papers and exhibitions then brought forward; of course, these proceedings form a considerable portion of their Journal. This number has been got up with the usual care, and copiously illustrated; besides which, there are many highly interesting papers in various departments of archaeology; in that of architecture, by G. E. LANG, Esq.; and on the Saxon Tower of Trinity Church, Colchester, with an account of the recent discoveries made by the removal of the thick coat of rough-cast, which has exposed to view the sole relic of Saxon art in that division of England. This has been done by the liberality and taste of several inhabitants of the town, at the suggestion of a party of the Association, who visited Colchester last year for the purpose of making a report of the existing remains, as well as to induce amongst the townspeople a proper feeling of respect towards the many interesting relics of antiquity in their locality. In the department of Numismatics, we have a continuation of a clever paper, by Mr. BEALE POST, on early British and Gaulish coins; and in other departments of antiquarian lore, papers by MESSRS. LUKIS, WALLER, CUMING, and ROACH SMITH; besides a portion of the Journal being appropriated to appeals for the restoration of buildings, &c.

The old Church of Landanwg, in Monmouthshire, three miles from Harlech, is chiefly remarkable for the curiously painted ceiling, of perpendicular character, which is rapidly fading, from exposure to damp, the church having been deserted for a less exposed situation, and a new chapel (in the worst taste of modern Gothic) built at Harlech about three years ago. As yet, the decay in the old church is limited to a door broken, a wooden window-frame ditto, and the slates removed from the roof, particularly near the paintings. As yet, no woodwork of the roof has given way, so that a few pounds will put this valuable remnant of mediæval taste in a state to last till a better feeling shall arise in Wales than is unhappily prevalent there at present. The living is worth about 100*l.* a year, which, although magnificent for a Welch rectory, does not allow its possessor to spend much in gratifying his religious or æsthetic feelings. It is therefore suggested, that a subscription of a few shillings would, as the reverend and worthy rector states, be necessary to enable him to begin this good work. There are no gentry in the neighbourhood, save one fox-hunting Celt, who has shewn his desire to preserve the carved work of the church, by robbing it and placing it in his own house.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

AMERICAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Messrs. Appleton have in preparation, and will speedily publish, *The Fairy Bower; or, The History of a Month*, from the third London edition. It is a tale for young people, one of high moral tone and great artistic merit. We speak from actual

acquaintance with it when we say, that even the warmest admirers of *Amy Herbert*, and Miss Sewell's three works, will welcome its publication, and find it a volume surpassed by none of the kind in fitness for their children's perusal. A few copies of the English editions have, from time to time, heretofore found their readers among us, and such persons, we are sure, will join us in welcoming its republication.—*The Churchman.*

The new edition of *Noah Webster's Dictionary*, from the press of George and Charles Merriam, Springfield, Mass. will form one of the most important publications of the day. Its new features are, first, the convenient form of a single volume, of great typographical beauty, embracing the entire matter of the previous editions, and the addenda, published by the author just before his death in 1843; secondly, an entire revision of the work by Professor Chauncy A. Goodrich, of Yale College, embracing the author's definitions, the addition of several thousand new words, a key to the pronunciation inserted on each page, and the preservation of the popular orthography when it differs especially from the system of Webster; thirdly, carefully prepared titles of Greek and Latin proper names, scripture and geographical names; and fourthly, a memoir of Dr. Webster. The addition of a vast number of scientific and technical terms to this work, gives it the preference, for general usefulness, over all other works of the class. We have seen a perfect copy of this edition (which will also be issued simultaneously in London), handsomely bound, with marbled edges, and exhibiting an appearance generally of great compactness and beauty of execution, and understand that it will be sold at the very low price of about six dollars. The first edition sold for twenty, the second for thirteen and a half. A specimen prospectus of the work may be obtained from the publishers.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Les Anciens Convents de Paris. Par Madame CHARLES REYBAUD. Premier récit. "Le Cadet de Colobrières." 1846.

The Ancient Convents of Paris. By Madame CHARLES REYBAUD. First Tale. "The Cadet de Colobrières."

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE baroness, when informed by her children of the departure and marriage of her niece, was almost as much shocked as she had been, years since, at the elopement of her sister-in-law. "Then my niece will always be called Maragnon? — it is almost another *mésalliance*!" In dread of the baron's anger, it was resolved not to inform him of the event. "We must be silent about our troubles, if we would live at peace in families;" and thus the fate of Eleanore remains a secret between the mother and her children. To the maid La Rousse, the conduct of the baron is totally incomprehensible; the very day she was accidentally made a witness to the intimacy of the families, Colobrières and Maragnon, she had, in her rage and excitement, reported her discovery to him, with such additions and exaggerations, as a jealous, infuriated girl would be likely to make. The baron had, indeed, listened to her statement with apparent perfect *sang froid*; but after enjoining strict silence upon her, the only evidence he gave of his disturbance was a discontinuance of his usual afternoon game of bowls, and the secret despatch of a letter to the care of the one postman who delivered the correspondence of the whole surrounding country.

From this one event, things returned into their customary order; the only variation being in the bad weather, which threatened their harvest, and in a certain sadness depicted on every countenance. Gaston and his sister still continued their usual long walks; but instead of, as before, bending their steps towards the valley where they had passed so many happy hours, they seemed to prefer the roughest paths, and the most elevated situations—retreats, indeed, where they were sure to wander undisturbed. On returning home, they mechanically resumed their former occupations, and nothing betrayed their secret suffering—the sad *ennui* in which they existed. The baron bore the same stern, almost harsh, but anxious expression of face. The baroness only preserved that serenity of mind, that equality of

tone, which had alone enabled her to endure the many wearing troubles of her monotonous life. But she, the mother, observed much in her children to disturb her quietude. Gaston hunted no more; his bag was now always empty, his gun unused. Anastasie talked no longer to her over their work of an evening; stronger evidences than these were not wanting to testify to the unhappiness of her children; but she was a woman of too much simplicity of mind—of too little imagination; she had passed her days in such total ignorance of any powerful emotion, that it was impossible for her to divine the cause of their sorrow; not even suspecting it, she confined herself to shewing them even more tenderness and affection than usual. Thus time went on with them, when one afternoon that rarest of all events took place, the arrival of a letter.

"Jesus!" exclaimed the baroness, rising in great surprise, "a letter for us! One of our children must have written to us." She received the letter with a trembling hand, and looked first at the seal; it was of red wax, and bore, in place of arms or a cipher, the anagram of Christ.

"Blessed be Heaven!" murmured she, sighing, as if relieved from some oppressive fear, "it is not a black seal; my children are all living. There is the mark of Paris, too; unless I am mistaken, it is from my eldest daughter." La Rousse, always on the watch, ran to arrest the baron, who, instantly coming, received the letter and gravely broke the seal that his wife had respected too much to touch. He read it in a low voice from beginning to end, then he coldly folded it up again, put it in his pocket, and took one step towards the door. "Monsieur, you tell me nothing—you will not tell me the contents of that letter!" exclaimed the baroness, holding him back. And as he did not answer, she added, in a voice of apprehension, "It is from Euphemia, our eldest girl, who is now La Mère Angélique de la Charité, superior of the convent of Notre Dame de la Miséricorde, at Paris. What has she written, then, that you are afraid to tell me?" "The same that she has written to me before, when she was at the convent of Aix, and when I informed her one of her sisters was preparing to join her," replied the baron. Madame de Colobrières stood one moment almost motionless from astonishment; never had it occurred to her that Anastasie, her youngest child, her favourite daughter, would be called to leave her, and to bury herself within the walls of a convent. This unforeseen misfortune was the most cruel her maternal heart had experienced; she could not resign herself to it. Her despair inspired her with sudden energy, and for the first time in her life she revolted against the authority of her husband. This woman, so weak, so submissive, raised her head and answered with mournful decision—"No, sir, I will not abandon my daughter to you; I will not suffer these children of my love to be snatched from me one after another. God knows what tears I have shed as I have seen, one after another, these children that I have brought up with so much tenderness, leave me for ever! I would to heaven I had rebelled then against your will! There is no law, no necessity that can oblige a mother to turn away her children. There was bread for all; and if it had been wanted, I would have laboured with my hands to give it them. Yes, Monsieur, —" "Enough, enough!" interrupted the baron, indignantly; "do not degrade any lower the name you bear. Your children have had the honour to be born gentlemen and gentlewomen, and I swear, while I live that is, they shall never forget their origin!"

"They have never forgotten it," answered the baroness, whose energy already began to fail, while she felt her opposition turning to tears. "They have all taken the part you commanded them, and, if it please Heaven, they are contented with their lot; but the necessity which caused them to leave us, does not urge us to send Anastasie also into a convent. She is a good and gentle child, though indeed somewhat melancholy; her goodness, her sweetness, her love for us, her parents, are all that we could wish; she is the joy and the ornament of our house. In the weakness of my heart, when she is near me, I no longer regret my lost daughters; she takes the place of all. Heaven has granted her to us, to soothe our old age; she must remain and close our eyes. Sometimes when I consider her sense, her goodness, her

angelic face, I have a hope—" "An absurd hope," interrupted the baron, roughly; "a girl of station without money will never find any husband but one without a name." "I was poor, and nevertheless a man of birth did me the honour to marry me!" replied Madame de Colobrières, with some pride. "Such good fortune is too rare for you to be justified in expecting it for your daughter," replied the baron, with exquisite naïveté. * * * "But I have not yet acquainted you with my intentions regarding our son; the time has arrived when it is likewise his turn to leave us." "What, my son also!" cried the baroness, utterly bewildered. "Do you wish me to curse the day that I married you, to bring children into the world only that I might lose them, and that without Heaven taking them from me? But I have yet one hope; your son, your daughter, they will not obey you, and I, their mother, will support them in their revolt. I dare to tell you this in your presence!"

Returned from their protracted walk, the brother and sister are informed by their father of the course he intends them to pursue. Wounded in the deepest feelings he possessed, namely, his pride of birth, the disclosures of La Rousse determined him to render further disgrace to his family through the relationship of the Managnon's utterly impossible; and aided as we are in our most important transactions by the merest trifles, his resolution assumed greater intensity when he perceived that the probability of this double alliance was looked upon by the peasantry as "an excellent thing for the Colobrières." Surprised, but still herself, Anastasie listens to the announcement of her fate; but no opposition is offered by her; she hails it rather as a relief from the misery she had lately felt: the brother, too, is little inclined to dispute the offer made him by his father, in right of his sex, of joining the mendicant friars, or entering the army. While informing him that a choice must at once be made, the unfortunate baroness leaves the château in search of Anastasie.

She found her seated in the spot where her father had left her, her hands folded, her head bowed down, her eyes fixed on the valley, where wound the paths that led to the Rocher du Capucin. At the sound of her mother's voice Anastasie trembled, and passed her hand over her face to conceal her tears. The baroness seated herself beside her, saying, in a tone of protecting tenderness while she trembled with her efforts to be firm, "Be easy, my child; your mother will not suffer you thus to sacrifice yourself; I will have the courage to defend you. Do not weep, you shall not go to the convent." "Oh, my mother! on the contrary, I ask as a blessing to go there," exclaimed the young girl, bursting in a flood of tears, and bending her burning face over her mother's hands; "Yes, I long for that place where I shall think only of Heaven, and forget the world. Yes, I will obey my father gladly, and I have now but one wish to perfect my sacrifice at once." Madame de Colobrières was not prepared for this. Anastasie had never manifested to her any disposition for a religious life, and this sudden vocation seemed to conceal things she dreaded to comprehend. "My child," she asked hesitatingly, "then you are not happy here?" She shook her head with gesture of despair, and murmured slowly, "I am almost dead with sadness and grief." "Time will remove all this, my dear child," returned the baroness in a lower tone, as if she feared to hear her own words; "you will forget the cause of your trouble—absence makes us forget all, all, my child—you will be once more contented and peaceful—you will be happy, as you were some months ago." "And when they come back," said Anastasie pointing vehemently to the hill behind which lay the new château de Belveser, "they will be there again," added she bitterly, "but I shall not be here!" Then she continued, "Oh, my mother! I must be unhappy indeed, my sorrow must be indeed great, since it gives me the strength to leave you!" The baroness was shocked; her heart bled, thus wounded where it was most tender; and like all weak and timid characters, she accused herself of harm that she had no agency in, and reproached herself with evils she could never have foreseen.

"My child! your brother, too, seems to me sad and distressed for some time past," again hesitating to track out her

fears—to sound the depth of the wound; "I have seen his sorrow—I know he suffers." "As I do, mother," answered Anastasie, raising her eyes to the heavens, with a look that betrayed at once the burning grief of a loving heart, and the exaltation of a martyr. Madame de Colobrières was for a moment overwhelmed by the blow of this double revelation; but she was not of that violent nature to fall into determined and obstinate despair. With her, resignation was the result of the total abnegation of all personal feeling, and she endured this last trial with the passive devotion of a mother, who counts her own happiness as nothing when her children are concerned. She assumed an appearance of calmness, and, raising Anastasie, who, resting on her knees, was sobbing bitterly, she said gently, "My child, you must conquer this sorrow, and conceal your tears. Let us be courageous, both of us, during these last moments. Come, we will find your father: we will speak no more of this to-night, our strength might give way. Women should never weep but when they are alone."

The succeeding days are spent much as usual; no mention being made either of the approaching separation of the family, or the causes that have led to it; the only sign of departure being in an order to the old man-servant, Jouin, to bring out the ancient family coach, wherein the daughters, one after another, were carried from their home. The following scenes are drawn with great truth and beauty,—that is to say, with precisely the same fidelity to nature, the same absence of all affectation, the same touching simplicity that mark the former part of the tale; qualities of this kind are more difficult to preserve in the recital of emotions than in the detail of mere events. With one more passage, illustrating this observation, and closing the family picture we have commented upon so narrowly, we will take our leave of Madame REYBAUD's little volume.

That same and last day, the baroness herself prepared some provisions, which she afterwards placed in the coach; and when night came, instead of awaiting the supper-hour in their customary sitting-room, she passed to her sleeping-room, where Anastasie and the Cadet de Colobrières, shortly afterwards joined her. This apartment was a large room, almost wholly bare and unfurnished; and where, within the memory of man, no fire had ever been lighted. An antique bed, almost hidden beneath the dark, heavy curtains, an armoire of nut-wood, curiously sculptured, an old-fashioned table, and some odd chairs, were arranged at considerable distances, and in such a manner as to occupy the smallest possible quantity of space; but they were far from sufficient to furnish the room, which at the first glance seemed perfectly empty. It was now towards the end of January, and the wind which whistled between the badly joined wood-work, rendered the atmosphere within as cold as it was without; from every corner icy drafts were felt, causing the little lamp to quiver, while its light scarcely traversed one-half of the vast, gloomy, chamber. Madame de Colobrières, after searching in the deepest drawer of the armoire, placed a small casket on the table, and a little leather purse, the same that many years before she had given one evening to the beautiful Agatha; then she signed to her children to approach.

The casket contained the few rings and jewels that had formed her dower when married to the Baron de Colobrières; they were antique in style and form,—large rings adorned with precious stones, a gold watch that had not moved for a full half-century, and some other trifles of a similar nature.

"My son," she said, addressing Gaston, "this belongs to me, and I give it you; not that you may keep it as I have done, but that you may spend its price upon your necessities. Take this purse also; it contains the savings of many years, and the first crown-piece I placed in it has been the cause of many miseries to our family; I have left it there, adding from time to time what I could, hoping that a happy day might come, when I should give it to my youngest daughter. It is her wedding present that I give you!" She was silent; her tears stifled her voice; but seeing that her children wept also, she made an effort to repress her emotion, and continued in a more tranquil tone, and almost with an appearance of serenity, "All that, united, my son, will make a sum large enough for

you to go with your sister, not only to Aix, as your father desired, but as far as Paris." "Ah, mother!" exclaimed Anastasie, this is the greatest consolation you could give me! I dared not ask it,—I did not even hope it." "Dear girl! she would have seen I should have followed her on foot!" murmured Gaston. Shortly after this, the baron appeared, and seated himself by the side of his wife.

The clock had already struck nine, and for some time the supper had been laid in the sitting-room; but no one thought of supper to-night. No word, no sound was heard by the servant to proceed from the baroness's chamber. The Cadet de Colobrières and his sister stood in silence beside their mother, who seemed absorbed in prayer. The baron, upright in his chair, quiet and motionless as a statue, reflected mournfully on the obligations imposed by high birth, and on the real duties of a gentleman. When the clock sounded the half hour after nine, Madame de Colobrières pressed her daughter's hand; then Anastasie rose, and instead of curtseying to her father, as was her custom on retiring, she fell on her knees before him, and asked his blessing. The old gentleman extended his hand above that beautiful bending head; then, carried away by the impulse of his heart, he embraced her closely, and said in a low voice, while he pressed her in his arms, "My child, I exact nothing from your obedience—will you remain with us?" She gave a gesture of dissent, pressed her father's hand to her lips, rose abruptly, and rushed from the room without bidding farewell to her mother, who was kneeling at the foot of the bed, her face buried in her handkerchief!

Thus is the family for ever divided, and the parents left desolate, each and all sacrificed to one simple prejudice. The close of the volume gives a tolerably detailed account of the convent of Notre Dame de la Miséricorde at Paris, and the impressions it made in the mind of Anastasie on her entrance there. The description of her eldest sister, the superior, one in whom the religious tie, as she styles it, breaks through those of affection, is vivid and truthful; but we have already taken up some time in our remarks upon this interesting story. It is enough to add that we heartily recommend it to our French readers; and to those who judge of French fiction by the specimens of *SUE* and *DUMAS* alone, it will offer a beautiful example of another and very different kind of writing.

JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PROGRESS. HEALTH OF TOWNS—INSURANCE—FRIENDLY SOCIETIES— EDUCATION.

MORTALITY IN THE METROPOLIS.

The Registrar-General's return for the week ending May 15, presents a total of 978 deaths registered in the London districts, being an increase of 64 on the average of the season, which is corrected to meet the increase of population. It is shewn by a tabular statement, that at present there prevails in London a rate of mortality unexampled throughout the springs of the seven previous years in which the weekly returns have been published. The increase of temperature is marked by the growing prevalence of fever, to which 52 deaths are ascribed, while the average is only 54. The following results of a comparison of London and Dorsetshire, as regards the value of human life in the two places, are sufficiently interesting:—

"The mortality of males between the ages of 45 and 55 years, in Dorchester, was at the rate of 14 in 1,000 annually; the mortality in the same years (1838—1844), and at the same ages, in London, was 27 in 1,000. And at all ages the mortality in Dorsetshire is 20, in London 27, in 1,000. The population of London, it is believed, is as well provided with food and clothing as the people of Dorsetshire; the excess of sickness and mortality in London must therefore be ascribed to causes, the greater part of which undoubtedly admit of removal or mitigation."

In the quarterly report which appeared in February last, apprehension was expressed that scurvy may break out among the people of this country. The necessity of precautionary measures was also adverted to in the following terms:—

"Dr. Baly, the physician to the Millbank Penitentiary, shewed some time ago that scurvy was very prevalent in prisons from the dietaries of which potatoes were excluded, and did not exist where potatoes were used. The potato contains a small quantity of a vegetable acid, in combination with potash (bitartrate of

potash, or cream of tartar.) It is certain that scurvy, which was formerly common, has almost disappeared since the potato entered largely into the food of the population. If, now that the potato has grown scarce, this disease, characterised among other symptoms by swollen bleeding gums, again become prevalent, its simple prophylactics should be had recourse to."

Although no deaths have yet been directly ascribed to scurvy in London, the disease, it is now ascertained, has appeared in many parts of the country. Several cases, too, have shewn themselves at the London hospitals. Under these circumstances the following practical suggestions of Dr. Baly deserve the attention of the public. The poorer classes particularly should be properly informed on the subject. Where green vegetables and lime-juice cannot be procured, a weak acidulated drink of cream of tartar and sugar may be tried; for it is the presence of the former salt which probably renders the potato antiscorbutic:—

"It cannot be doubted," says Dr. Baly, "that the prevalence of scurvy at the present time amongst the poor in Scotland, some parts of England, and even in London, is owing to the scarcity of vegetables, and especially of that kind of vegetable which alone the poor can usually obtain in quantity adequate for the preservation of health—namely potatoes. The want of potatoes, as I have shewn elsewhere, was the cause of the appearance of scurvy in many prisons and other public institutions at former periods. The potato being now so scarce, other articles of diet have been substituted for it. The article substituted has been for the most part some cheap kind of grain, as Indian corn, rice, oats, barley, peas, or beans. But the farinaceous food made from grain has no antiscorbutic property. It has been necessary, therefore, to supply this defect by flavouring the farinaceous food with lime-juice, the great prophylactic against scurvy in the navy; or to combine with the food some fresh vegetable, such as turnips (Swedes), carrots, cabbages, onions, cress, and mustard. Both these measures, when tried, have been successful."

"A small quantity of lime-juice would be sufficient to give antiscorbutic properties to the rice, meal, or Indian corn, food used by the poor, or an acidulous drink might be made with it. In either way it would be an efficacious, and, I think, an economical preventive of the disease. Its use might be introduced with great advantage into workhouses, and amongst the outdoor poor."

"The fresh vegetables I have named could seldom be procured by the poor themselves in sufficient quantity, but sometimes, perhaps, they might use plants which grow wild, such as the common water-cress and scurvy-grass. These are powerful antiscorbutics, and most edible green vegetables, especially those which have an acid taste, possess the same properties."

"The important point, however, seems to be, that the poor and the guardians of the poor should be instructed that farinaceous foods, made of grain or meal of any kind, will not alone serve as substitutes for potatoes; that either some green vegetable or succulent root must be eaten with them; or the deficient antiscorbutic property supplied with lime-juice."

ART.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

No. 9. The *Midday Retreat*, by WITHERINGTON, is a delicious picture, with a real atmosphere, and extremely picturesque grouping.

LINTON's view of *Athens*, No. 15, is attractive for its novelty. It is the Athens of *fact*, and not the ideal Athens of poets and painters.

F. LEE's *Misty Morning, with Figures*, No. 22, is one of his most successful bits of English scenery, and he has wandered somewhat from his wonted manner, and with advantage too.

Mr. T. F. DICKSEE, whose pictures we so much admired in the Suffolk-street Gallery, has a *Portrait*, No. 33, that fully confirms all we then said of his genius. It is unpretending, but masterly in every part. Mr. Albaret looks as a gentleman should in his own room, and not as if he were designed for a sign-post.

A picture of great pretence is HART's *Righteousness and Peace*, No. 36. It does not please us. The faces are pretty, but they want expression; nobody would suspect the subject, or know which each was, without the catalogue.

Nor can we say much for DYCE's *Neptune assigning Britannia the Empire of the Sea*, No. 42. Neptune has too much of the air of a gentleman, or rather of a Regent-street gent.; and as for Britannia, she is too young and too pretty by

half: she wants dignity both of face and form. The whole composition is a conceit, and will do no honour to Osborne-house.

A. COOPER'S *Cupid and Nymphs*, No. 55, is a remarkable picture, with some clever flesh, and what is still better, some spirituality in the nudes. He has not borrowed his beauties from the Walhalla. The young ladies are not descended from Eve, and therefore they do not know that they are naked.

No. 57 is a fine view, by ROBERTS, of *Antwerp Cathedral*. The truthfulness will be recognised by all who have stood on the same spot and gazed in admiration at the original.

CRESWICK'S *Morning in a Welsh Valley* (No. 61) will next arrest the eye. There is light!—there is green! How fresh and crisp the air!—how life-like is the whole aspect of that scene! Passing a group already noticed, we come to

No. 86. *Arrival of the Steam-packet from Boulogne after the Gale*, by CHALON, and one of the best, because the least affected, of his productions. The raging sea is very truthful, and the steamer really moves on it, which painted ships are not always seen to do, even in the hands of artists of repute.

REDGRAVE'S *Guardian Angel* (No. 88) is a picture of a high class in aim and in desert. It is a chaste conception, and in execution most artistic; and although in another style, we may here direct the attention of the visitor to his *Ferry* (No. 99).

No. 103. *Lannercost Abbey*, by BLACKLOCK, will repay a few minutes' pause, during which the eye must not be permitted to wander to its neighbour.

No. 104. WEBSTER'S *Village Choir*, one of the characteristic productions of that very clever artist. The group is capital. Such variety of unIntellectual faces, thrown into such shapes of uncoothes as these poor rustics have adopted in their efforts to rival one another in loudness, it would be difficult to invent, and how he found them cannot be conjectured. The gravest could not pass this picture without relaxing into grin.

E. W. COOKE has presented us, in No. 105, with a delicious *Sketch from the Mediterranean, in the Gulf of Genoa*, where he has caught the very hue of the sky and sea of Italy. It will make many a heart beat more quickly at the recalling of past delight when looking on that selfsame scene.

A very clever picture is No. 128, *An Alehouse Kitchen*, by PEARSALL. It is of the genuine English school, to which this artist promises to be an acquisition.

One of the most remarkable pictures in the exhibition is certainly HERBERT'S *Our Saviour subject to his Parents at Nazareth*. It is in the severest style of art. The Virgin Mother's face is the very personification of motherly love, mingled with reverence: pride and pleasure are visible in it. Joseph, unconscious as yet of the honour conferred upon him, is quietly and earnestly at his work. The only fault is in the child Christ, who is too feminine for his age.

As for TURNER, even his devotees do not pretend to admire his only picture, *the Hero of a Hundred Fights*, No. 180. It is intended, we are told, to represent the casting of the famous Wellington statue, which is seen outlined in the midst of a fiery furnace, glowing with all sorts of colours, while in the foreground lies a huge heap of cabbages—or things as round and green as cabbages. We have often, standing at proper distance, discovered wonderful truth and beauty in pictures of TURNER'S, which we had previously, seen near, joined others in condemning. But we can find no point of sight whence this freak assumes any shape at all.

KNIGHT'S *Portrait of Mr. Bright, M.P.* is a prominent object in the great room, and it is painting of great power—one of the best of the many good portraits which distinguish this exhibition.

SALE OF MR. ANDERDON'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES.—The sale of this collection, consisting of 38 pictures of various masters of the continental schools, took place on Saturday last, in the great room of the establishment of MESSRS. CHRISTIE AND MANSION, KING-STREET, ST. JAMES'S. A vast number of persons were present, and the biddings were carried on with spirit. As the public had largely availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing the collection, which once formed the ornament of FARLEY-HILL, and as some account of it has already appeared in our columns, it will only be necessary to notice the prices fetched by

the principal lots. Lot 9. "A Group of Four Infant Angels" (MURILLO), fetched 53*l.* 11*s.* Lot 13. "A View of Dordt" (CUPP), 22*l.* 2*s.* Lot 15. "The Virgin in a red dress, seated, holding a book with the Infant Christ, and St. John, and St. Joseph" (FRA BARTOLOMEO), 19*l.* 5*s.* Lot 16. "An Old Woman with a Dish of Porridge, a Peasant Boy deriding her," a picture mentioned by Colonel Davis in his Life of MURILLO (MURILLO), 20*l.* 13*s.* Lot 17. "A Village Feast" (TENIERS), 21*l.* Lot 11. "A Rocky Entrance to a Harbour, with a Ship careening, &c." (W. VAN DE VELDE), 34*l.* 10*s.* Lot 19. "The Embarkation of the Prince of Orange" (VAN DER CAPELLEN), 13*l.* 9*s.* Lot 20. "A Watermill," formerly in the collection of Lady Holderness (RUYSDAEL), 50*l.* 5*s.* Lot 21. "Two Bulls and two Cows, cattle in the background" (P. POTTER), 7*l.* 12*s.* Lot 22. "Coral Fishers on the coast of Africa;" this picture was purchased in 1826 from the collection of the Duc d'ASCOLI (S. ROSA), 21*l.* Lot 23. "Christ and the Disciples on the way to Emmaus" (TENIERS), 13*l.* 10*s.* Lot 24. "The Triumph of David," from the Colonna Palace (GUERCINO), 40*l.* Lot 25. A light bay and a grey horse, standing near a group of trees, (P. POTTER), 7*l.* Lot 26. A road under a bank, with a sportsman shooting at a bird on a decayed oak, an attendant holding his grey horse, &c., formerly in the collection of Lord MONSON (WYNANTS and WOUVERMANS), 25*l.* 5*s.* Lot 27. "The Repose of the Holy Family" (N. POUSSIN), 55*l.* 13*s.* Lot 28. A Cavalier and Lady halting from hawking at a Cabaret (WOUVERMANS), 18*l.* 14*s.* Lot 29. "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife" (LUIAO BERNARDINO), 9*l.* 9*s.* Lot 30. A grand landscape, with a warrior on a grey horse and two attendants, a stag breaking through the underwood, &c. (DOMENICHINO), 17*l.* 5*s.* Lot 31. "A Stag Hunt, a Cavalier and Lady on Horseback, Hunters, &c." (WOUVERMANS), 23*l.* Lot 32. "St. John baptizing Christ," mentioned by Captain Davis (MURILLO), 9*l.* 12*s.* Lot 33. "Silenus with Bacchanals and Nymphs" (RUBENS), 9*l.* 6*s.* Lot 34. "La Carita," a female in a red dress with three children (A. DEL SARTO), 45*l.* 10*s.* This picture is stated to have been brought from the RUSPIGLIOSI GALLERY, and purchased by the late Mr. ANDERDON in 1826 of the Contessa COMPAGNONI MAREFOSCHI. Lot 35. "The Virgin seated, holding the Infant Jesus, St. John presenting the Cross" (RAFFAELLO), 32*l.* 10*s.* Lot 36. "The Virgin kneeling and extending her hands over the Infant Christ and St. John" (LEONARDO DA VINCI), 29*l.* Lot 37. "Il Viaggio di Rachele," formerly in the collection of the Contessa MARIA TERESA SPINELLI (S. ROSA), 64*l.* 10*s.* Lot 38. "The Salutation" (S. DEL PIOMBO), 9*l.* 13*s.* The aggregate sum produced by the sale amounted to nearly 7,000*l.*

Mr. ALLEN'S large landscape which we noticed in our review of the SUFFOLK-STREET GALLERY, "The Vale of Clwyd, seen from the Hills dividing Flintshire from Denbighshire" has been selected by one of the three-hundred-pounds prizeholders of the ART UNION.

MUSIC.

WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S.—We were invited, on Monday last, to a private Matinée Musicale, given at the above Rooms, by M. WILLMERS, a Swedish pianist of great celebrity. His varied powers were exhibited in a variety of pieces of his own composition: the greater part of which comprised every difficulty of the Lisztian School, (of which, be it understood, we are by no means enthusiastic adherents,) overcome with ease and composure. The subject which delighted us the most was a *chant sans paroles*, "Fliegt, vogel, fliegt!" the twittering of the bird was made with a volubility which reminded us of JULLIEN'S beautiful trills in his Rossignol Waltz, heard at his earlier concerts. M. WILLMERS, if he carry away no other *sobriquet*, may felicitate himself upon that which we hereby, in the plenitude of our favour, bestow upon him, namely, the "Nightingale of the Pianoforte." The room was crowded by amateur and professional listeners, among whom we were glad to see again the welcome face of MOSCHELES. We may add, to the credit of the audience, that they ministered thus strongly around the young artist, although it cost them nothing.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.—Mr. ROPHINO LACY announced on Monday evening his instructing Series of Handelian Lecture Concerts, the elements of which he has, with great research, brought forth from their slumbers in the MS. of the great masters, Italian operas. HANDEL, known to us now, with some slight exceptions, as the Sacred Composer, had, in his own day, the highest European reputation as a secular writer, and kept possession of the stage from the early age of twenty-seven years up to a mature period of his existence. During this time he produ-

ced upwards of forty operas, in which every thing that good taste (by which we mean the critical appreciation between the sentiment and the music by which it is illustrated), profound learning, and rich invention could combine to produce, abounds, whether in the vocal or instrumental distribution of his scores. Mr. LACY, with the aid of Misses DELCY and HAWES, and Messrs. MANVERS and PHILLIPS, illustrated the former; and the orchestra, few in number, but powerful in its members, (among whom were T. COOKE, DANDO, LINDLEY, HOWELL, and T. L. HATTON, who performed most beautifully on the piano forte an *obbligato* to the song, "Vo far querra," written for the harpsichord, which Handel himself is said to have played during the entire run of the opera in which it occurs,) developed the correctness of the lecturer's observations upon the richness and variety of the latter. We hope that Miss DELCY will recover from the apprehension under which she unhappily laboured during the evening. We feel so well-disposed towards this undertaking, that we regret the necessity of alluding to any drawback upon the admirable manner in which it has been entered upon. Miss DELCY must excuse us if we remind her that far less power is required in these concert-rooms than in those less acoustically constructed areas to which she has been accustomed, and that firmness and precision of intonation will be gladly accepted instead of *tours de force*, which exhaust the energies of the singer and mar the text of the composer. We anticipate on the next occasion a marked improvement, the first flush of which was apparent in the second part of the concert, when she appeared to have gained more composure, and reaped the benefit of it in a more secure intonation. Miss HAWES sang most sweetly: we observed no necessity for the apology as to hoarseness; and both MANVERS and PHILLIPS (whom we delight to get back from his recent Yankee corruptions) have added to their collections some admirable songs, for which, in common with the *dilettante* portion of the musical world, they may thank the enthusiasm, patience, and erudition of Mr. LACY. We could have desired a more numerous audience to reward his labours; but in these days of *banjos* and other black abominations, we dare hardly anticipate a more favourable reception of an entertainment which simply tends to elevate the taste, (not by bringing it back into a servile adoption of the past, but by augmenting the resources of musical reflection,) and the execution of which is entrusted to those refined and intelligent artists whose names we have above enumerated.

DANIEL'S PREDICTION.—C. E. HORN's New Oratorio was performed for the first time on Wednesday evening last, at the Music Hall, Store-street, with an orchestra and chorus of upwards of one hundred performers. The principal singers were Miss DOLBY, Mrs. C. E. HORN, Miss THORNTON, Miss WELLS, Mr. RAFTER, Mr. WETHERBEE, Mr. RUDAY, Mr. F. SMITH, &c. It is not our present intention to go *seriatim* into a criticism of this work, which, under any circumstances, requires a second hearing, but more especially so in the present case, when, knowing as we do the difficulties under which a composer has to labour who is determined to shew that he possesses something more than the ordinary capability of producing a ballad. Independently of the necessary labour and talent, there is an almost ruinous expense in getting a public hearing; for what singer has patriotism and good feeling enough for the art to lend his or her aid gratuitously to help the composer? and what composer has the means, even if he have the folly, to put his hand into his pocket and pay Miss BIRCH, for instance, *ten guineas*, and other vocalists in proportion, amounting, alone for the principals, to some thirty or forty guineas; then the orchestra to about the same, and the chorus to a similar sum; besides the expense of rooms, advertising, printing, &c. &c. altogether making a sum total of about 150L? But should he dare to have second-rate principals, an *amateur* and *gratuitous chorus*, an inefficient band, or one that will not attend even a single rehearsal, he must not only subject his music to an ill-performance, but himself to the sneers and invidious comparisons of critics, who can produce nothing more than their own bilious comments, not on the merits or demerits of the work, but of the performance, and thus endeavour to throw cold water on the laudable efforts of the native artist to raise his art and himself in the esteem of his country. But, despite all this, Mr. HORN's attempt was met by his auditory with the most encouraging feeling, which was manifested by the encores of four of his pieces, viz. the songs "For the

Homes of our Fathers," and "Belshazzar, O my Son!" the quartet "O weep for us," and the truly magnificent chorus "Hail, mighty King!"—a composition worthy the pen of any composer, dead or living; which, independently of many other beauties, convinces us that the work only wants to be carefully got up to be eminently and permanently successful, as time will shew, or we are much mistaken. We cannot finish our notice without wishing him every success; and need only allude to the neat speech with which he wound up the performance, in which he spoke of the industry of the British artist being too frequently ill paid and underrated as the reason why he did not more frequently turn his attention to the production of works of a classical character. We may notice that the room was well and respectably filled. Among the auditors were the Earl of Egremont, Lady Wyndham, Lord Saltoun, Sir George Smart, &c. &c.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new comedy, from the pen of Mr. Robert Bell, was brought out here on Monday. Its brief title is *Temper*. Its design is to exhibit, in mimic scenes, an illustration of the practical evils that flow from the indulgence of a bad temper. In pursuance of this purpose, temper is displayed in various ways by divers persons all through the piece. But before we notice the actors, it will be necessary to give an outline of the plot; and we cannot do better than the analysis of a daily contemporary. *Sir Charles Tempest* has a fine wife and a fine house. He has also a younger brother, *Cecil*, a bookworm, just returned from college; and a ward, *Florence Wilmot*, endowed with youth, beauty, and 30,000L. An old country baronet, *Sir Marmaduke Topple*, formerly a friend, as it appears, to everybody's father, has just arrived in town on a visit, accompanied by his sister and two country spinsters, of uncertain fortunes and ages, who enter the metropolis for the first time, with the most rose-coloured anticipations of its wonders and its chances of matrimony. *Florence* and *Cecil* are the youthful lovers; and after their quarrel in the second act, the lady takes refuge in the house of *Sir Marmaduke*, where nearly the whole of the latter half of the play is supposed to pass; and where the worthy baronet, his sister, and a humorist friend called *Mr. Godfrey*, devote their energies to the concoction of innocent contrivances for effecting a reconciliation between the loving but estranged pair. The comedy is entitled *Temper*, and therefore every one of the characters is supposed to be endowed with some peculiarity of temper to justify the title. *Sir Charles's* temper is to be capricious, *Lady Tempest's* to be vexatious; *Miss Florence* is wayward, according to the prerogative of young heiresses; her lover is sensitive, and *Mrs. Herbert* loquacious, while *Mr. Godfrey* has a temper which prompts him to say the most well-intentioned things in the most disagreeable way. The moral is excellent. The writing is lively, with some flashes of wit; and in the construction of the drama Mr. Bell has studied effective situation. The most original character and the best sustained is *FARREN's Sir Marmaduke Topple*—a genuine old gentleman, polite and talkative, with a failing memory that every now and then lights up again—shades most delicately drawn by the dramatist, and exquisitely portrayed by the actor. *Mrs. GLOVER* personated *Mrs. Herbert*, the volatile sister of *Sir Marmaduke*, with her usual truthfulness and never-flagging spirit; and *Miss FORTESCUE* was graceful and touching in the part of *Florence Wilmot*. Nor must *Mr. WEBSTER'S Emerson* pass without notice; the fortune-hunting swindler was portrayed to the life. The comedy was successful, and announced for repetition amid great applause. The author was called for, and bowed from a private box.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Two new plays have been introduced at this theatre, so prolific of novelty. *Un Coup de Lansquenet*, a light, lively, laughable comedy; and *Oscar; ou, Un Mari qui trompe sa Femme*. The latter is the story of a husband anxious to conceal a love adventure from his wife, who, however, has known it from the first, and had actually accompanied him in lieu of a friend to whom he had confided his conquest, and who had made it known to the wife. *REGNIER* finely pictures first the fear, and then the repentance, of the husband.

THE WALHALLA.—Madame WARTON has introduced some white statuary groups, which are even finer and more pleasing than the others.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA ROYAL, LEICESTER-SQUARE.—We have been requested to state, that Major-General Sir Harry Smith, G.C.B. having visited "The Battle of Sobraon" on Monday last, has spoken most enthusiastically as to the accuracy of the picture; and appointed three o'clock on Thursday to visit it again.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—On Wednesday last, Dr. BACHHOFFNER delivered a lecture on light at this institution. An improved camphine lamp, called by the inventor, Mr. ROBERTS, "The Gem," was introduced, the light from which appeared to the eye of dazzling purity and brilliancy. In its construction the inventor has adhered to the principle of ARGAND, with improvements for the supply of air necessary to obtaining perfect combustion of the spirit. The lamp is supplied as is any common lamp for burning oil, and it does cause the omission of soot or smell.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

We see it stated that Mr. Crosse has succeeded in obtaining pure water from that of the sea by means of some process of electricity, which he has been occupied in explaining to the Admiralty.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impudent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or by letter, postage stamp to that amount inclosed.]

826. **HEIRS-AT-LAW** and other RELATIONS of ISABELLA BAXTER, formerly Isabella Watson, deceased, who lived for many years at 6, Cambridge-terrace, Islington. She was formerly housekeeper in several distinguished families. *Something to advantage.*

827. **ALEXANDER SHEPHERD**, who, in August, 1828, was discharged from H.M.S. *Pelican*, and was one of the grandsons of the late Mr. Thomas Joslin of Billericay, Essex. *Something to his advantage.* Or, if dead, 5*l.* reward for information thereof.

828. Capt. **EDWARD EAGLES**, his wife, and his daughter, who were living in 1785, or either of them, or any one connected with or related to them. *Something to advantage.*

829. **ELIZABETH GARRICK**, who in the year 1813 was in the service of John Miles, late of 25, Southampton-row, Bloomsbury. Or information of her reward.

830. **CHARLES MAXWELL**, who, it is supposed, was, in the year 1826, living in London or its immediate vicinity, probably in Southwark. *Something to his advantage.* If dead, 5*l.* reward for information thereof.

831. **CHILD OF CHILDREN** of JANE OLIVER, cousin of Thomas Wainman, late of Papplewick, Nottinghamshire, gentleman; or the **CHILD OF CHILDREN** of JOHN WAINMAN, another cousin; or **CHILD OF CHILDREN** of ELIZABETH MEARES, also a cousin; or their representatives.

832. Mr. **CHRISTOPHER VAUX**, who formerly resided at Brixton. *Something to advantage.*

833. **WILL OF JAMES WALTERS**, formerly of the Excise Office, and afterwards of 12, White-Hart-place, Kennington-lane, greengrocer and publican. *Reward.*

834. **HEIRS-AT-LAW** of THOMAS PETERS, of Mortlake, Surrey, tailor, (died March 1, 1837,) or their representatives.

835. **LEGATEES AND ANNUITANTS** under the will of ANNE BARBARA WRIGHT, of Clifton, Gloucestershire (died 21st January, 1830); and also **LEGATEES AND ANNUITANTS** under the will of BARBARA WRIGHT, of Hanover-square and Hampton Court Palace, spinster, died 9th January, 1829.

836. **HEIRS-AT-LAW** of JEREMIAH JACKSON, who died a lunatic in the establishment of Messrs. Newington, at Ticehurst.

837. JANE BUSHMAN, who lived servant in Kennington-lane, Lambeth, Surrey, about the year 1835. *Something to advantage.*

838. **HEIRS-AT-LAW** and **HEIRS-AT-LAW** of KIN of THOMAS MOFFATT, late of New York (U.S.), and previously of Goswell-street, Old-street-road, Middlesex, and also of Paternoster-row, blue manufacturer, died about the year 1819.

839. WILLIAM and MARTHA FOREST, son and daughter of the late Mr. FARMERY FOREST, of Belton, Isle of Axholme, Lincoln. *Something to advantage.*

840. HENRY ALSO OF MATBURY, formerly of Bristol, and afterwards of London, accountant. *Something to advantage.*

(To be continued weekly.)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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For which a post-office order should be inclosed.

N.B. For insertion in the first page the charge is *one-fourth* more, if expressly ordered for that page.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, MAY 14.—**LORD ALBERT CONYNGHAM, K.C.B., PRESIDENT, IN THE CHAIR.**—After the announcement of several new associates, and presents of books, Sir S. Meyrick exhibited a

beautiful casket of embossed leather in high relief, representing on the sides and lid figures of saints and elegant scroll-work, supposed to be of the fifteenth century. Mr. Warren, of Ixworth, forwarded a spur curiously enamelled, and of a form called a *pryke-spur*, together with a short notice of its discovery at Pakenham, in Suffolk, but with some doubt as to what date to assign to it. Sir S. Meyrick observed, that although he had never met with a similar one, he had no doubt of its belonging to the Roman period, both from its material, as well as the peculiar mode of fastening at the heel of the sandal. The same form of spur, we find, is figured in the Bayeux tapestry, as well as on tombs and effigies of warriors, down to the reign of Henry III. Mr. Stubbs exhibited a quantity of objects in bronze, of fibulae, and portions of arms of Roman manufacture, found near Boulogne. Mr. W. Chaffers read an able paper on the manufactory of fictile ware from the earliest ages, shewing the crude form of the ancient British, the Anglo-Roman, and Saxon, down to the reign of the Stuarts. In illustration of a long and elaborate paper, contributions were made from the collections of Mr. C. R. Smith, Mr. Artis, and Mr. Kirkman, and a splendid specimen forwarded by Lord Hastings; this, with many others of a later date, were highly glazed, and led to an interesting discussion as to the period when glaze was used. Messrs. Kirkman, Cuning, and Isaacs contributed short papers on the subject, resulting in conclusive evidence that the Romans were well acquainted with that art, although the greater portion of Roman and Romano-British pottery daily found in this country was unglazed. Mr. Wright remarked, that he had recently seen a vessel containing glaze, which was discovered by Mr. Artis, at Castor, in Northamptonshire, in excavating on the site of a Roman potter's kiln. The subject will be renewed at the next meeting on the 23rd of May, when several members have promised to renew the discussion, and contribute objects from their collections.—*From our Correspondent.*

SALE OF RARE ENGLISH COINS.—The first week's sale of the extraordinary collection of English coins formed by the late Lieutenant-Colonel Durrant, of Lowestoft, was concluded on Saturday last by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson. This collection, one of the most rare and valuable in the country, comprised some of the finest pattern coins of Simon, Ramage, and Blon-deau, and the following notice of the prices a few of the coins fetched will shew their extraordinary value:—A penny of Egbert, date 800, sold for 15 guineas; a similar coin of Alfred, formerly in the Dimsdale collection, sold for 5*l.*; a penny of Eustace, second son of Stephen, sold for 15 guineas; and one of Stephen and Matilda, struck in 1153 to commemorate a treaty with Stephen and Henry, sold for 14*l.* 5*s.*; a shilling of Henry VII., the first coin issued in England by the name of a shilling, sold for 1*l.*; a sovereign or double rial of the same monarch, one of the rarest coins in the English series, sold for 33*l.* 10*s.*; a testoon or shilling of Henry VIII., sold for 14*l.*; a george noble of the same monarch, finely preserved, sold for 23*l.* 8*s.*; a crown of Edward VI. sold for 16*l.* 10*s.*; a groat of the same king, made of base silver, sold for 10 guineas; a fine double sovereign, coined in the fourth year of Edward VI., sold for 35*l.* 10*s.*; a penny of Queen Mary sold for 8*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; and a rial of the same reign, a most beautiful and rare coin, sold for the large sum of 66*l.*; a half-crown of James I., considered the best extant, sold for 20*l.* 15*s.*; a pattern for a farthing of Charles I., in copper, sold for 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; a half-crown, in fine preservation, of the same reign, sold for 20*l.*; a 20*s.* piece, of the Oxford Mint, struck in 1664, sold for 22*l.* 10*s.*; a crown, one of the finest, rarest, and most remarkable coins in the English series, and known as the Oxford crown, sold for 56*l.*; a pattern for a crown, by Brioit, considered his *chef d'œuvre*, sold for 58*l.*; a pattern for a half-crown of the Commonwealth, by Ramage, sold for 24*l.* 10*s.*; a pattern for a half-crown, by Blon-deau, sold for 15 guineas; a pattern for a shilling, by Ramage, sold for 1*l.* 10*s.*; a pattern for a farthing, in copper, of Oliver Cromwell, sold for 10 guineas; a pattern for a coin called a two-shilling piece, sold for 1*l.* 1*s.*; a half-broad, or ten-shilling piece, coined in 1656 by Thomas Simon, sold for 22*l.* 10*s.* On Monday the sale was resumed, and amongst the lots sold was the celebrated petition crown of Simon, so called from having the petition of the maker struck upon it. The competition to obtain this rare coin, only twenty having been struck, was very great. It produced the large sum of 155*l.* The other lots sold on Monday consisted of coins of the reign of Charles II. James II. William and Mary, and Queen Anne, and brought remarkably high prices.

The office of Poet-Laureate has been for many years considered little more than a sinecure. The fact that Mr. Wordsworth, who at present occupies that supposed "easy chair," has to write an Ode for the installation of his Royal Highness Prince Albert as Chancellor of Cambridge, may help to correct such opinion. No such themes are found in the dream-land which he has haunted all his days. The ceremonial is to take place in July next; and the Laureate's ode will be set to music by Professor Walmsley.